

MARCH

NO. 22

10¢

# CRACK

## COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP



THE CLOCK



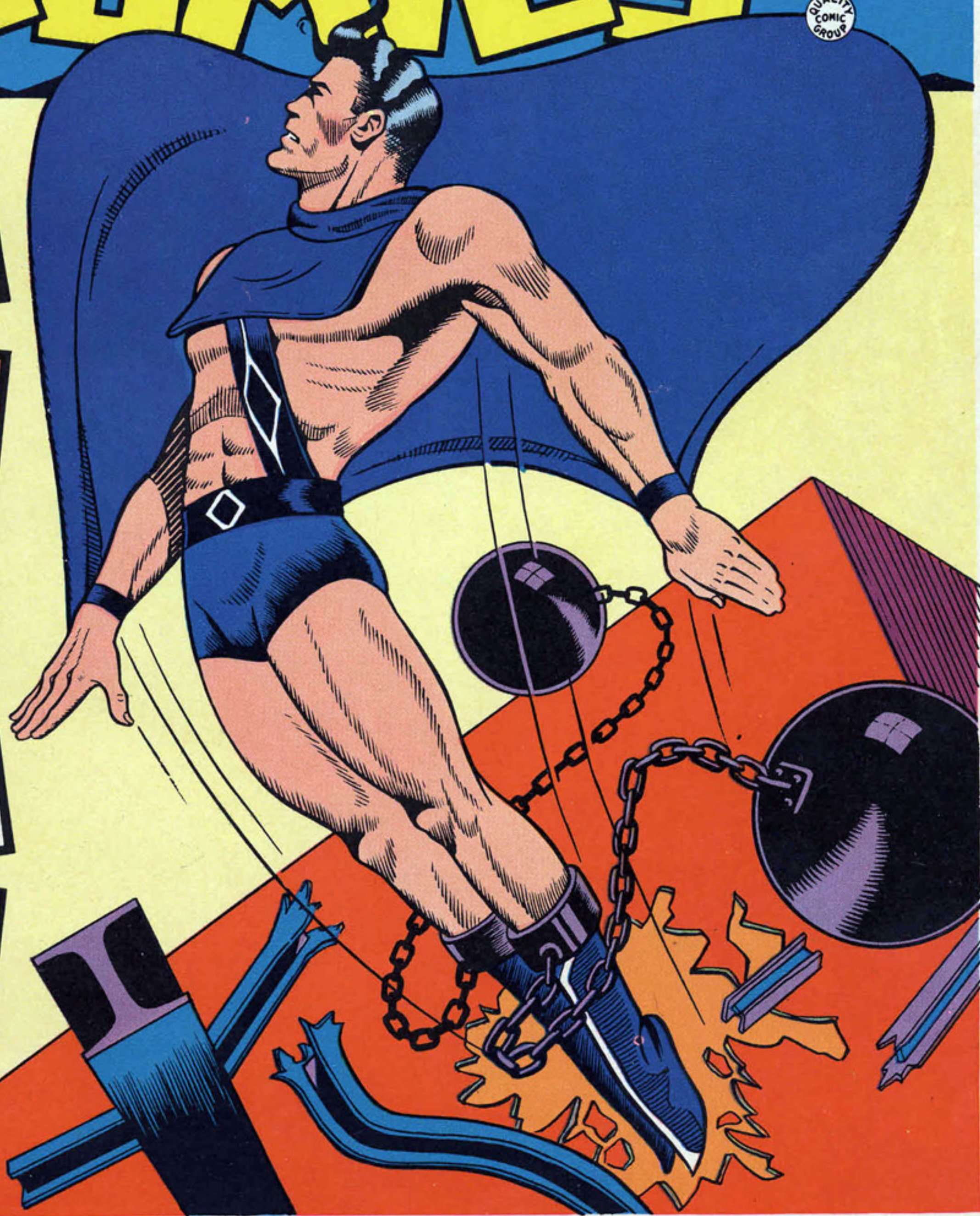
JANE ARDEN



ALIAS THE SPIDER



SPITFIRE







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QUALITY  
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GROUP

ANOTHER EXCITING  
EPISODE OF THE  
**BLACK CONDOR**



THE CLOCK



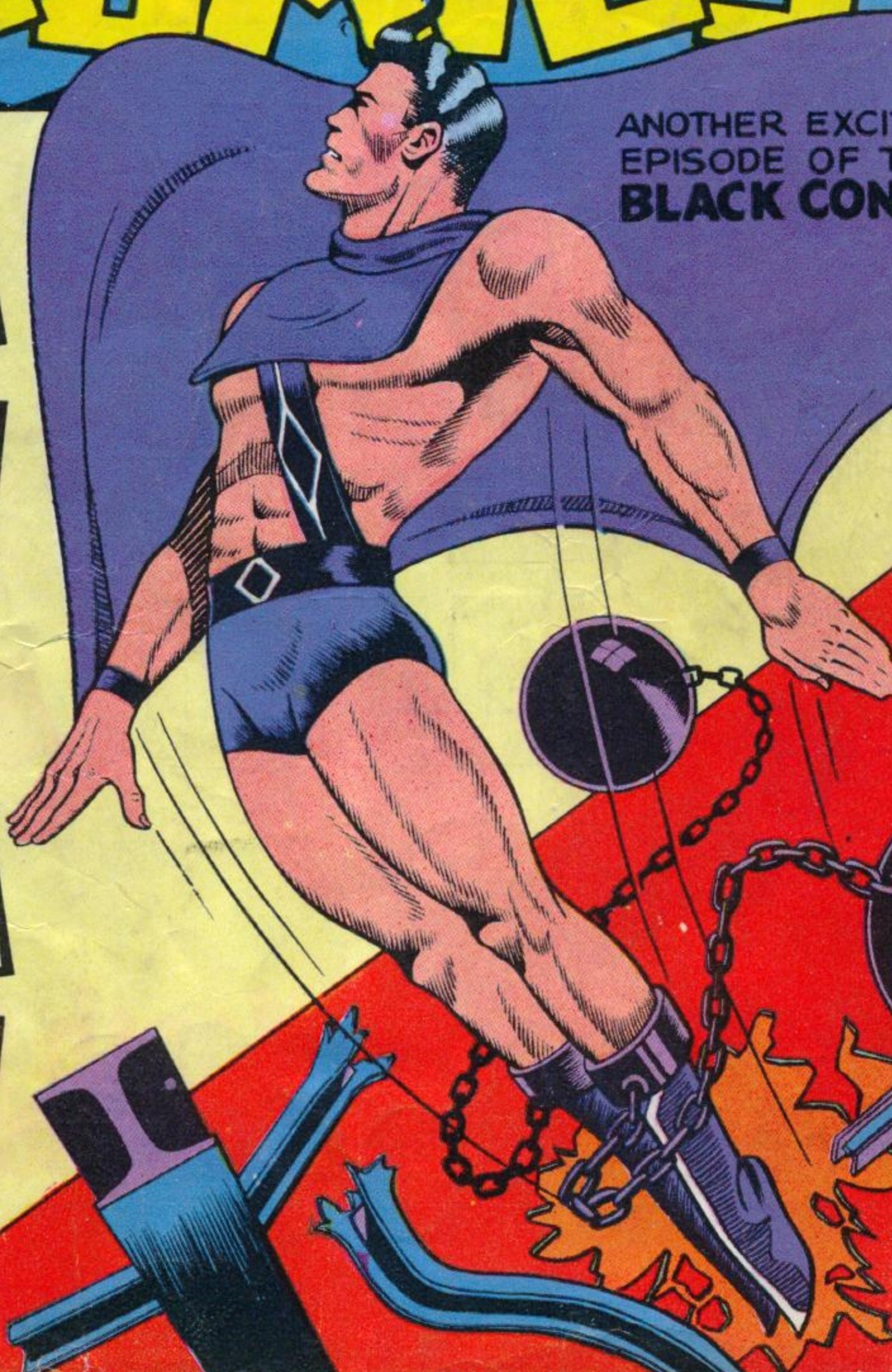
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CRACK COMICS, March, 1942, No. 22. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, Gilbert Fox, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20, plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second class matter March 11, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1941 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.



# THE BLACK CONDOR

By Louis K. Fine

HAS NATURE SIGNED A PACT WITH DEATH TO DESTROY THE DEFENSE EFFORTS OF AMERICA? THE BLACK CONDOR, IN THE ROLE OF THE LATE SENATOR TOM WRIGHT'S DOUBLE, FIGHTS THE ELEMENTS TO FIND OUT.



THE SENATOR BURSTS INTO A LABORATORY WHERE WENDY, HIS FIANCEE, AND HER FATHER DR. FOSTER ARE AT WORK..

HI FOLKS!!  
VACATION DAYS  
ARE HERE FOR  
ME.. CONGRESS  
ADJOURNED  
AND I'M...  
HEY...

DID YOU  
HEAR ME? I  
SAID ... GOLLY,  
YOU TWO LOOK  
ALL IN..

WE ARE..  
WE HAVEN'T  
SLEPT IN  
TWO DAYS

WE'RE PERFECTING  
A NEW FOOD CONCENTRATE  
TO SEND TO WAR-TORN  
COUNTRIES.. IT'S AN  
ALPHABET OF VITAMINS..  
AND HAS PLENTY OF  
ENERGY VALUE..





THAT AFTERNOON

GLAD YOU PERSUADED US TO COME ALONG, TOM. WENDY NEEDS THE REST.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, DAD?

BUT WHEN THEY REACH THE FARMLANDS OF THE MIDWEST..

GREAT CEASAR'S GHOST.. WHAT STRUCK THIS PLACE? LOOKS LIKE A PANZER DIVISION ROLLED THROUGH..

A DESTITUTE FARMER EXPLAINS

YESSIR, HURRICANE COME BY AND WIPED OUT TH' WHOLE PLACE.. CROPS.. HOUSES.. EVERYTHING!!

HURRICANE? WHY THIS ISN'T HURRICANE COUNTRY.. THEY'VE NEVER HAD MORE THAN A BAD STORM OUT HERE..

IN THE FOLLOWING WEEK MORE NEWS OF DISASTROUS WEATHER HITS THE PAPERS.

NEWSB 25  
CYCLONE  
EASTERN  
SEABOARD  
STATES..

ADVOCATE  
FLOOD!

FUNNY THING ABOUT ALL THESE FREAK STORMS, DOC.. THEY ALWAYS HIT DEFENSE SUPPLY AREAS.. LOOKS LIKE NATURE'S SABOTAGE

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, TOM, BUT I DO KNOW A REMEDY FOR THE STARVATION OF THE PEOPLE STRICKEN BY THE STORMS... MY FORMULA..

ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE IT AWAY FOR NOTHING?

YES.. I'M GOING TO BROADCAST IT NOW, TO ALL THE CHEMISTS IN AMERICA

IT'S ONLY MY FIT DUTY... THEY'RE GIVING ME SPECIAL TIME ON THE AIR.. GOT TO GET OVER TO THE STATION.. GOOD-BYE!!

GOOD FOR YOU, DOC!!

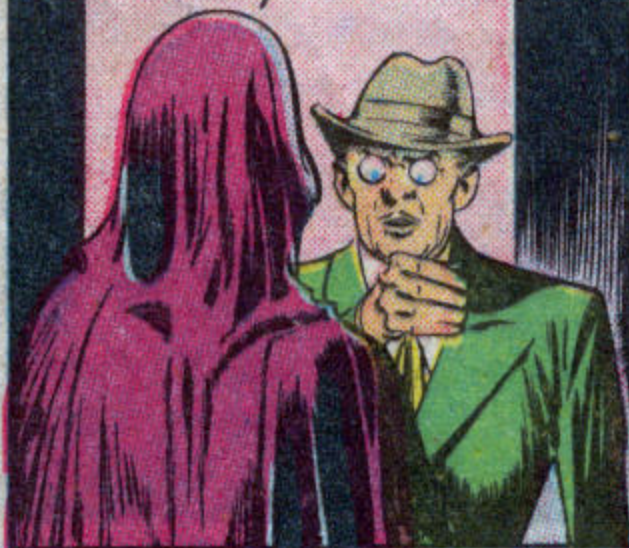


BUT AS HE STEPS INTO  
THE DARK STREET..

WHAT'S  
THIS?



THE FORMULA,  
GIVE ME THE  
FORMULA FOR  
THE FOOD  
CONCENTRATE!



TREMBLING, DOCTOR FOSTER  
HANDS OVER THE PRECIOUS  
PAPER....



THEN RACES BACK TO TOM

TOM MUST BE  
RIGHT... SOMETHING  
SUPERNATURAL IS  
FIGHTING US... THAT  
THING IN THE CLOAK  
DIDN'T LOOK  
HUMAN !!



BREATHLESSLY, THE DOCTOR  
TELLS TOM WHAT HAPPENED

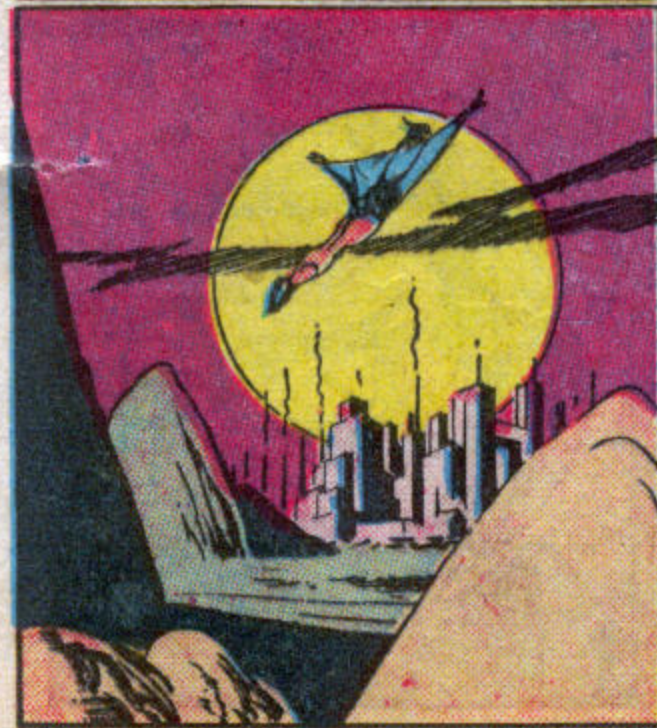
A SKULL FACE, EH?  
HMMM.. BUT IT CAN'T  
BE! THERE MUST BE  
SOMEONE BEHIND  
IT ALL !!



I'LL FIND OUT... LOOK, THE  
GREAT LAKE DISTRICT  
HASN'T BEEN TOUCHED  
YET.. I'VE A HUNCH IT WILL  
BE NEXT..



LATER THAT NIGHT, A FLEET,  
WINGED FIGURE SOARS  
ACROSS LAKE ERIE....



AND ALIGHTS ON A ROOF  
TOP IN DETROIT... THE  
BLACK CONDOR..

NO SIGN OF  
TROUBLE  
YET!!



BUT THEN...

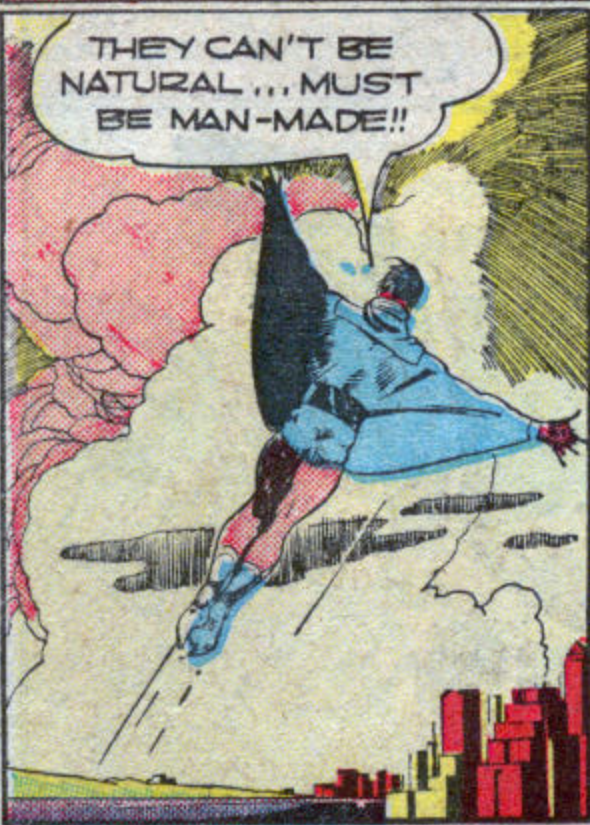
STORM  
CLOUDS,  
GATHERING  
OVER THE  
LAKE!! HOW  
DID THEY  
GET THERE  
SO SUDDENLY  
??





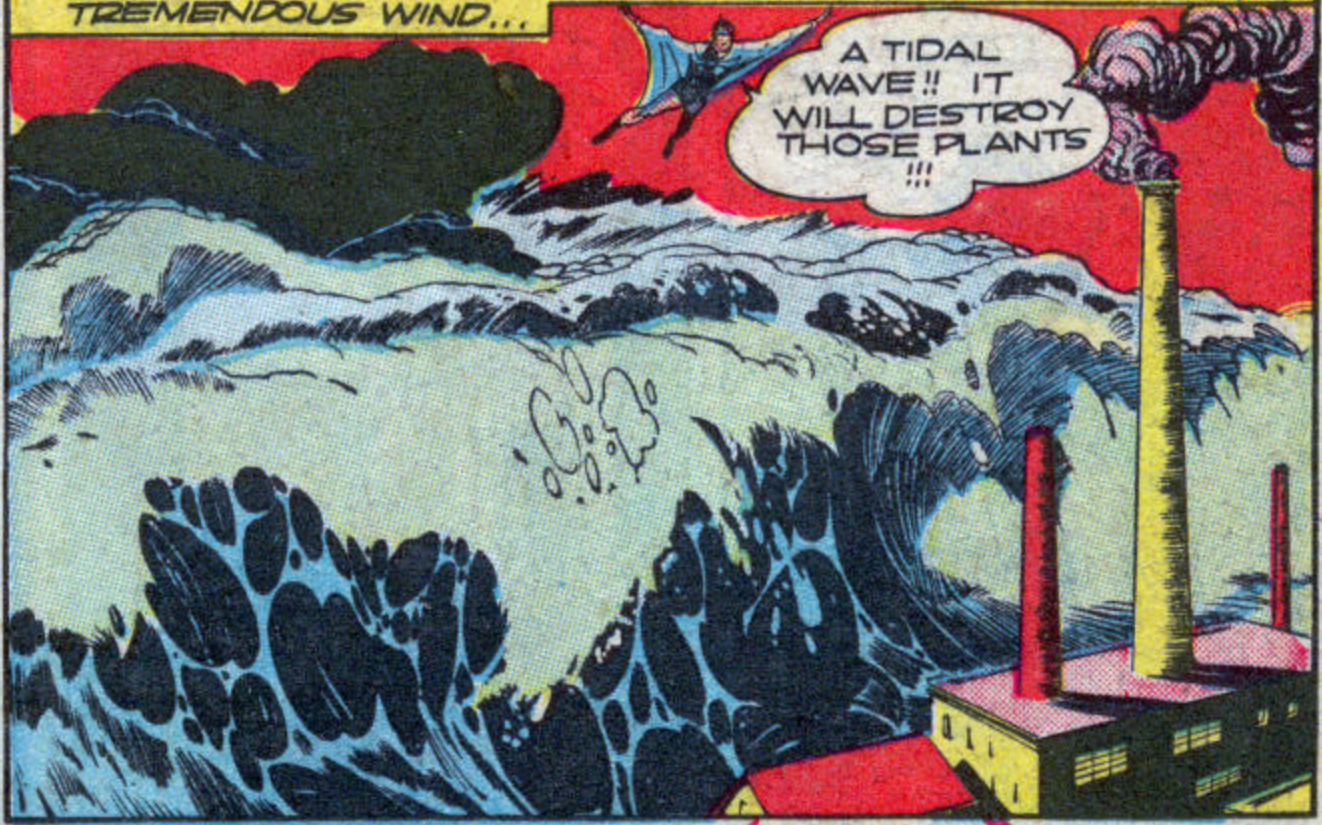
HE RISES ABOVE THE CLOUDS

THEY CAN'T BE  
NATURAL... MUST  
BE MAN-MADE!!

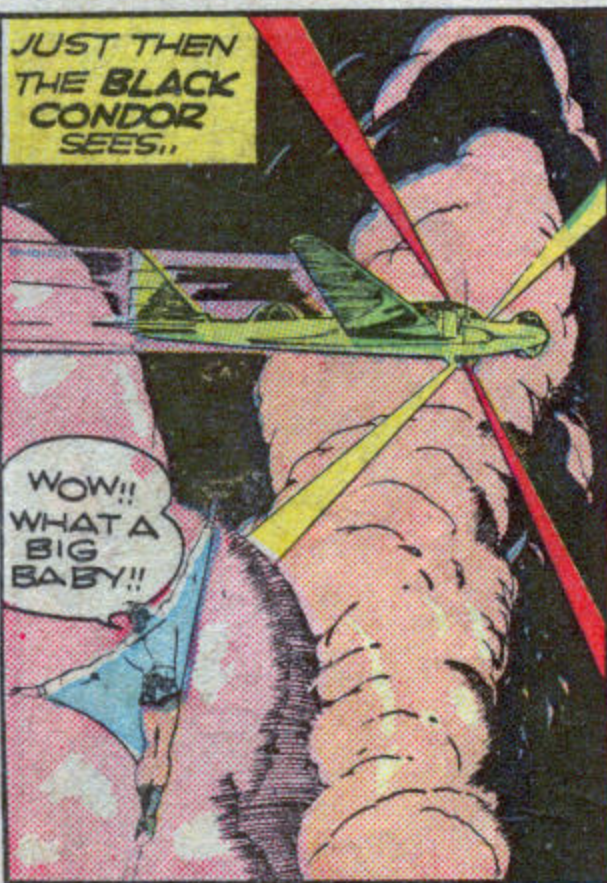


SUDDENLY, THE WATERS OF THE LAKE ARE ENRAGED BY A  
TREMENDOUS WIND...

A TIDAL  
WAVE!! IT  
WILL DESTROY  
THOSE PLANTS  
!!!

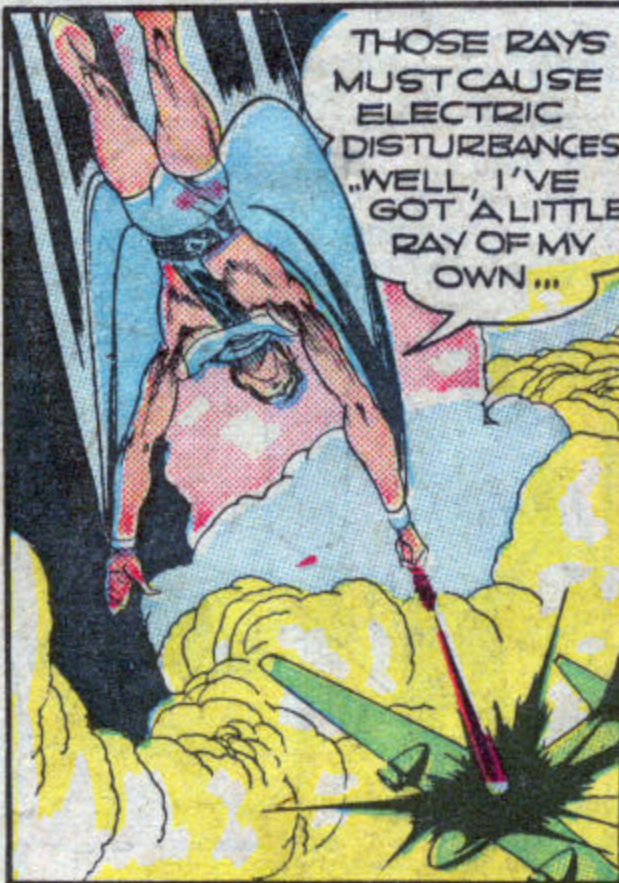


JUST THEN  
THE **BLACK  
CONDOR**  
SEES..



WOW!!  
WHAT A  
BIG  
BABY!!

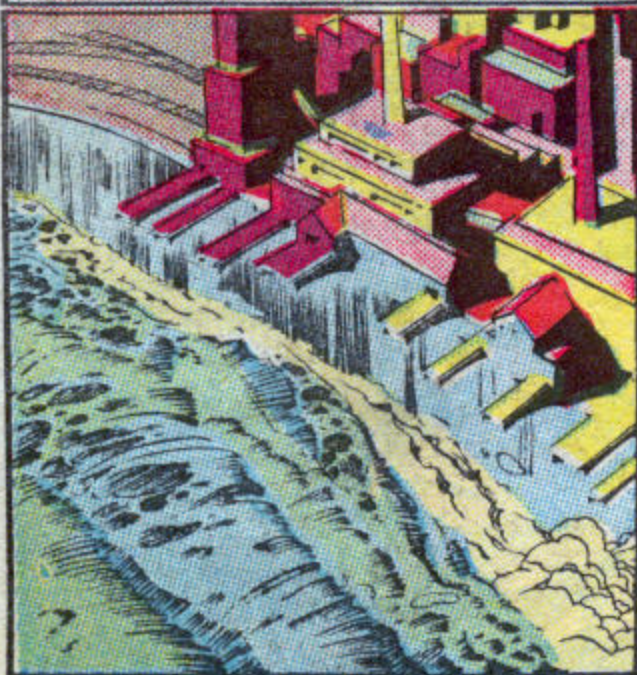
THOSE RAYS  
MUST CAUSE  
ELECTRIC  
DISTURBANCES..  
"WELL, I'VE  
GOT A LITTLE  
RAY OF MY  
OWN..."



THAT DID  
IT.. I MUST  
HAVE SMASHED  
THEIR  
CONTROLS..  
THEY'RE  
TURNING  
BACK..



WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE  
TURBULENT WAVES  
SUBSIDE BEFORE THEY  
CAN WREAK THEIR  
HAVOC....



NOW TO CLEAR  
UP THE MYSTERY  
OF THIS PLANE  
!!!



SHE'S A SUPER JOB  
ALRIGHT... ALMOST  
TOO FAST FOR  
ME..





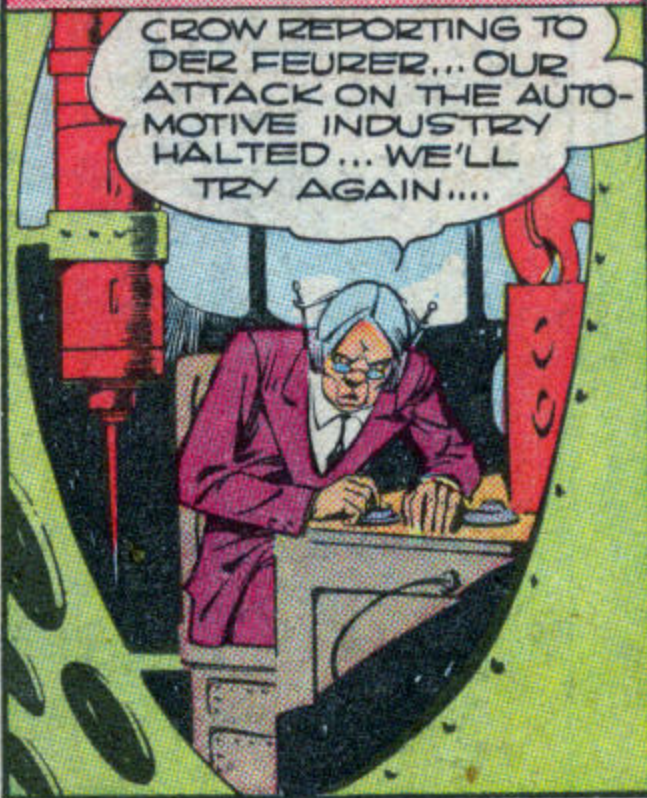
INSIDE THE PLANE WE FIND,  
THE BLACK CONDOR'S ARCH  
ENEMY, JASPAR CROW....

THE RAY CONTROL IS  
RUINED!! IT'LL TAKE  
A WEEK TO REPAIR!!

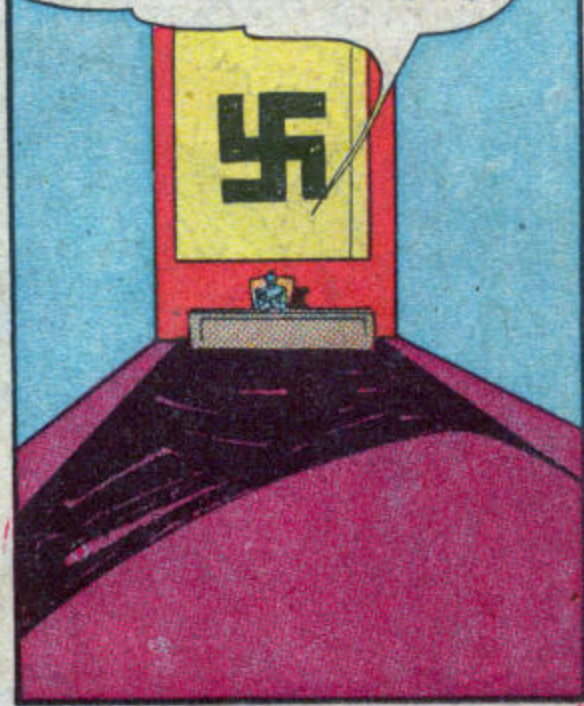


JASPAR MAKES A SHORT-WAVE  
CALL ACROSS THE OCEAN....

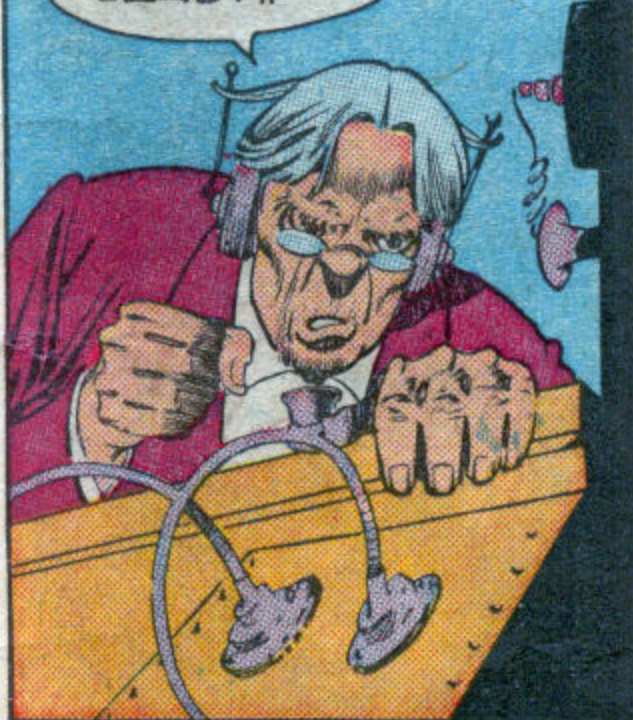
CROW REPORTING TO  
DER FEURER... OUR  
ATTACK ON THE AUTO-  
MOTIVE INDUSTRY  
HALTED... WE'LL  
TRY AGAIN....



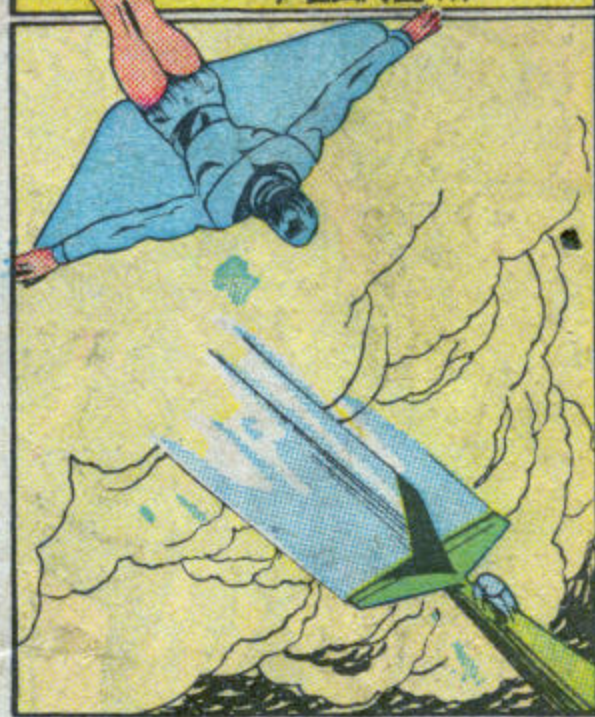
DUMBKUPE!! SWINE!!  
I DO NOT PAY FOR FOOD  
CONCENTRATE  
FORMULA UNTIL YOU  
DESTROY DETROIT!!



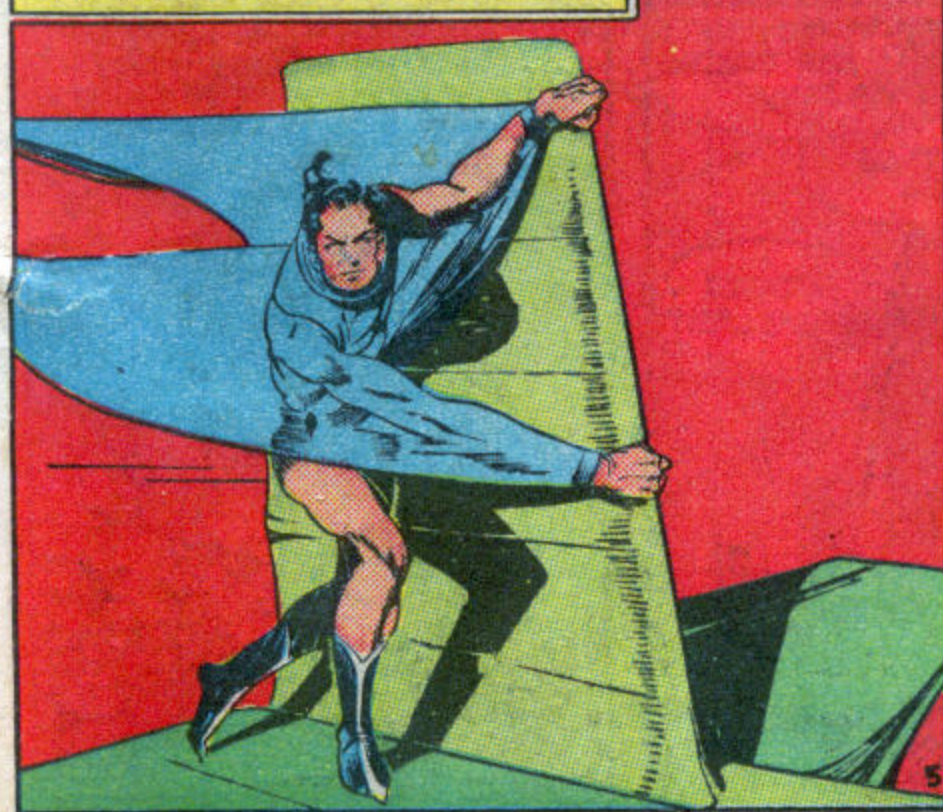
OH, NOW LISTEN, ADOLF.....  
I MADE A CONTRACT..YOU'VE  
GOT TO PAY FOR THE  
FORMULA AT  
LEAST!!



BY NOW THE BLACK  
CONDOR HAS FOUND  
A FAST TAIL WIND...  
HE NEARS THE  
PLANE...



AND LANDS ON THE TAIL...



MEANWHILE.. WENDY AND HER FATHER BEND  
ALL THEIR EFFORTS TO RELIEVE STORM  
AND FLOOD VICTIMS...

IF WE ONLY  
HAD THAT  
FORMULA  
!!





BACK IN THE PLANE CROW'S  
SKULL-FACED HENCHMAN  
HEARS A NOISE...

QUIET.. SOMEONE  
IS IN THE  
PASSAGE!!



HE WHIRLS AND TANGLES  
WITH THE CONDOR  
IN THE NARROW  
SPACE..



THE CO-PILOT IS QUICK  
WITH THE KNIFE.....

DUCK GRUESOME!!  
I'LL PIN THAT  
BIRD!!



THE CONDOR FINDS BOTH  
HIS WINGS TACKED TO THE  
WALLS...

JASPAR  
CROW!!



I'M GLAD YOU CAME MISTER  
CONDOR... I WANT TO JOIN  
FORCES WITH YOU... THIS  
PLANE CAN BE OF  
GREAT SERVICE  
TO THE UNITED  
STATES...

WHAT'S  
THE  
GAG?



NO GAG!! HITLER IS HOLDING  
OUT ON ME..NOW I'LL USE HIS  
OWN SHIP AGAINST HIM...WE  
HAVE A DEVICE THAT CAUSES  
LOW HUMIDITY AREAS...WE  
CAN CREATE ANY KIND OF  
STORM WE  
WISH...



AND WHAT  
ABOUT DOC  
FOSTER'S  
FORMULA?

I REGRET TO  
SAY IT IS ON ITS  
WAY TO GERMANY  
IN A U-BOAT..  
WE DID NOT  
TRUST IT TO  
SHORT-WAVE.

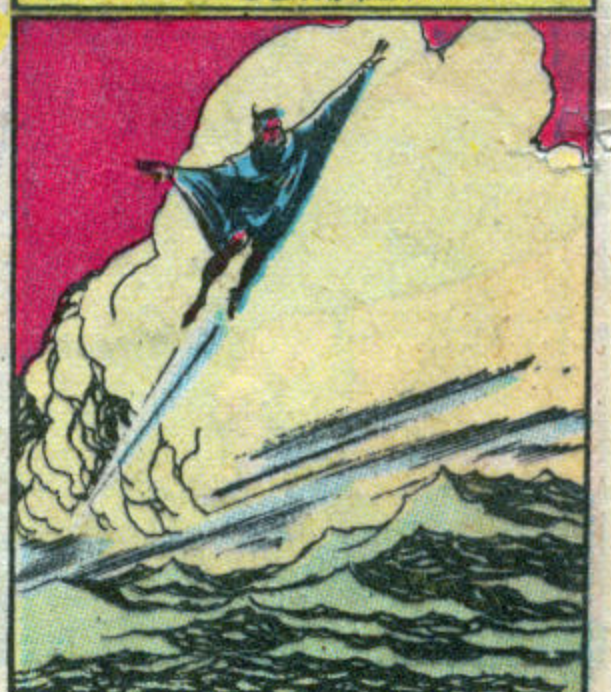


WHEN I GET THE  
FORMULA I'LL BE BACK..  
WITH GOLD TO PAY  
YOU FOR THE  
USE OF THE  
PLANE..

GOOD,  
EXCELLENT!!



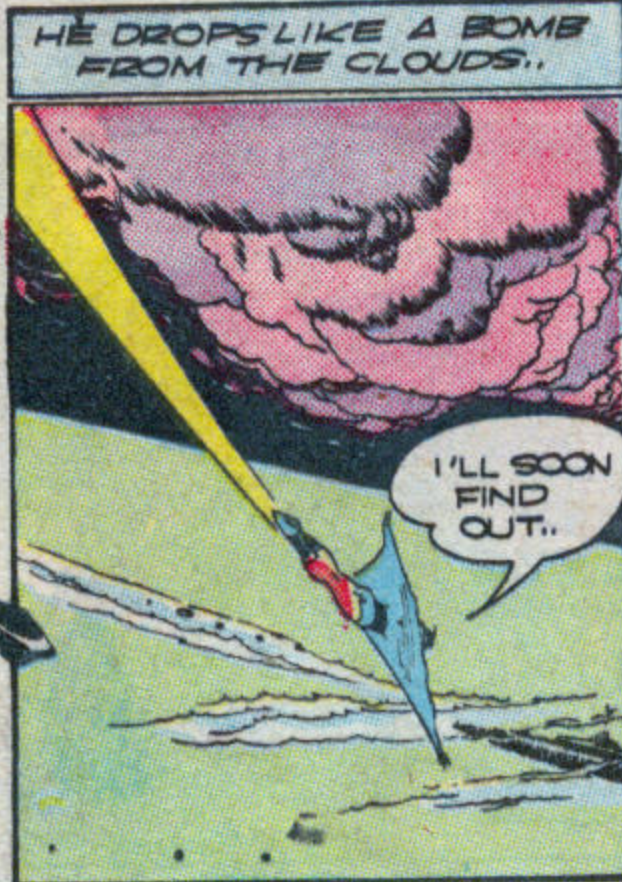
OUT ACROSS THE VAST  
ATLANTIC WINGS THE  
BLACK CONDOR, IN SEARCH  
OF THE SUBMARINE....







THAT MUST BE IT..

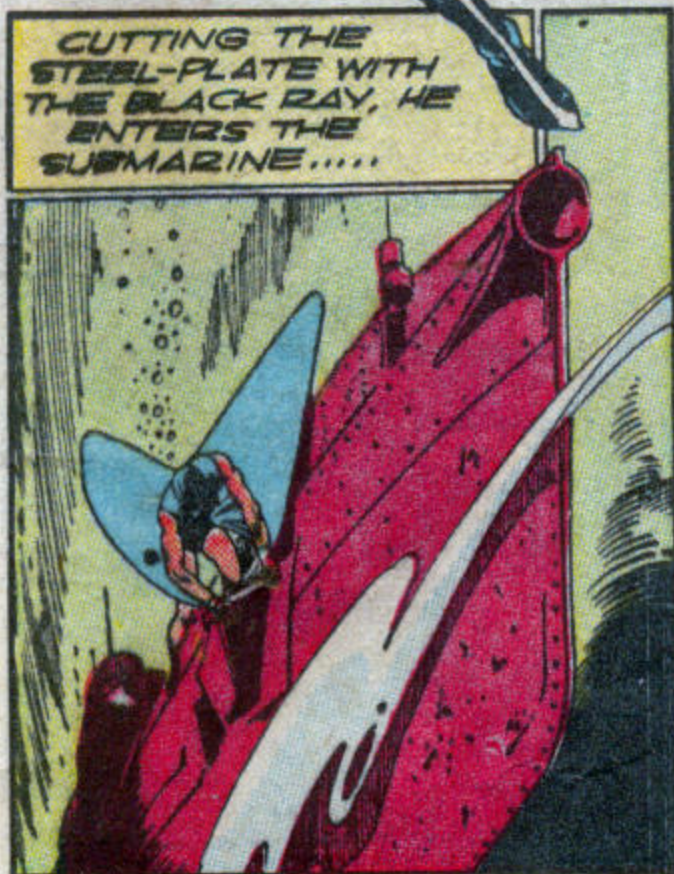


HE DROPS LIKE A BOMB FROM THE CLOUDS..

I'LL SOON FIND OUT..



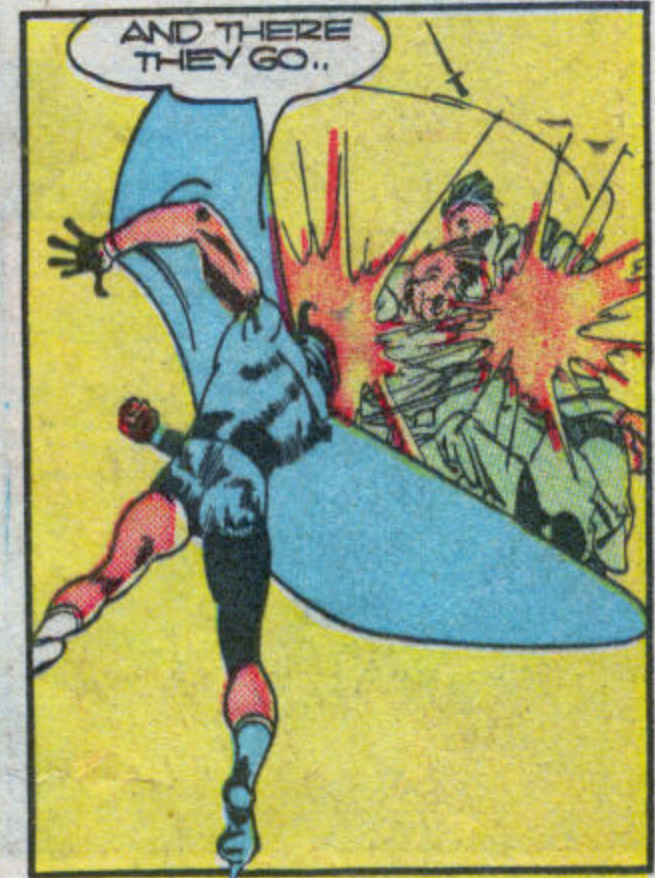
EVEN THE FISHES ARE STARTLED BY HIS SWIFT AGILITY BENEATH THE SEA..



CUTTING THE STEEL-PLATE WITH THE BLACK RAY, HE ENTERS THE SUBMARINE.....



HMMM.. HERE COMES RESISTANCE!!



AND THERE THEY GO..



REACHING THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS HE TAPS THE STARTLED GENTLEMAN ON THE SHOULDER...



AND LEAVES AT ONCE WITH THE FORMULA TUCKED SAFELY IN HIS BELT..

HEY!!

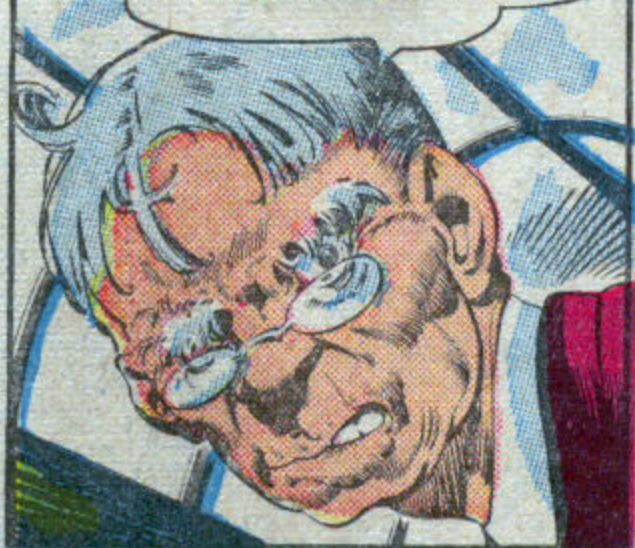


THAT'S THAT!! NOW TO DO BUSINESS WITH MISTER CROW..



MEANWHILE BACK IN THE WEATHER-PLANE..

HEH! THE CONDOR BIT MY TEMPTING BAIT!! AS SOON AS I GET HIS GOLD, I'LL GO BACK TO HITLER.. HE'LL PAY THROUGH THE NOSE WHEN HE SEES I MEAN BUSINESS....

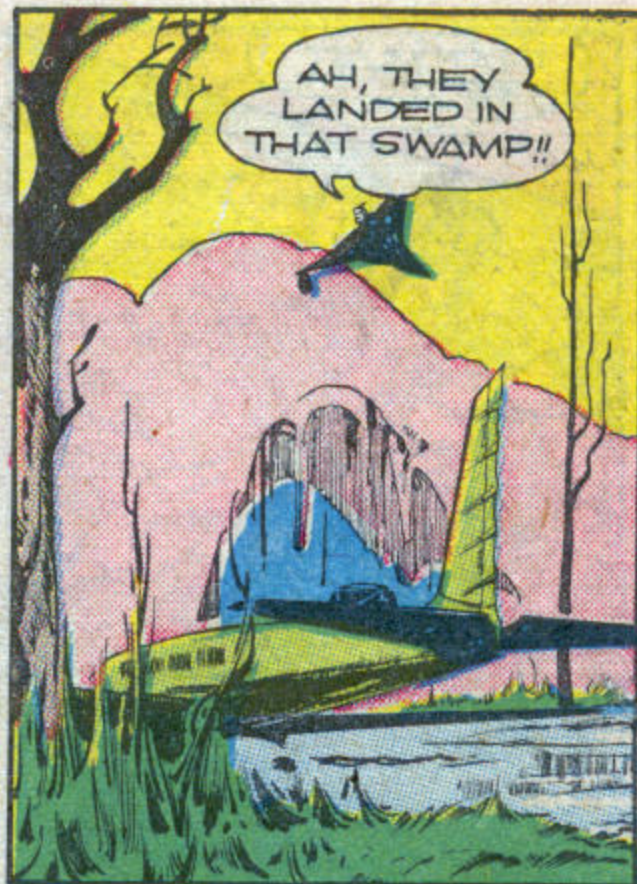


BUT THE BLACK CONDOR TOO, HAS LEARNED THE ART OF THE DOUBLE-CROSS

GOLDEN SAND IS ALL HE'LL GET!!



AH, THEY LANDED IN THAT SWAMP!!



HERE YOU ARE CROW.. THERE'S MILLIONS IN THESE BAGS....



THE CONDOR RECEIVES HIS THANKS..

GOOD!! LET'S GO..



I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!! HEY!! THIS IS QUICKSAND!!! I'M SINKING!!



THE CROW COUNTS HIS LOOT..

BAH!! SAND!! NOTHING BUT SAND AND PEBBLES THE... THE.. LOW-DOWN....



EVEN HIS HENCHMEN GET A KICK OUT OF SEEING CROW GET THE SHORT END OF A DEAL



MEANWHILE THE BLACK CONDOR IS RAPIDLY GOING UNDER..





THE ROCKS OF THE CLIFF,  
SHATTERED BY THE RAY,  
CRASH DOWN INTO THE MIRE..



THEY DISPLACE THE QUICK-  
SAND AND THE CONDOR  
IS FREED....



SUDDENLY CROW'S PILOT  
IS STRUCK...



THIS TIME THE CYCLONE  
IS INSIDE THE PLANE!!



JASPAR CROW ESCAPES AGAIN..



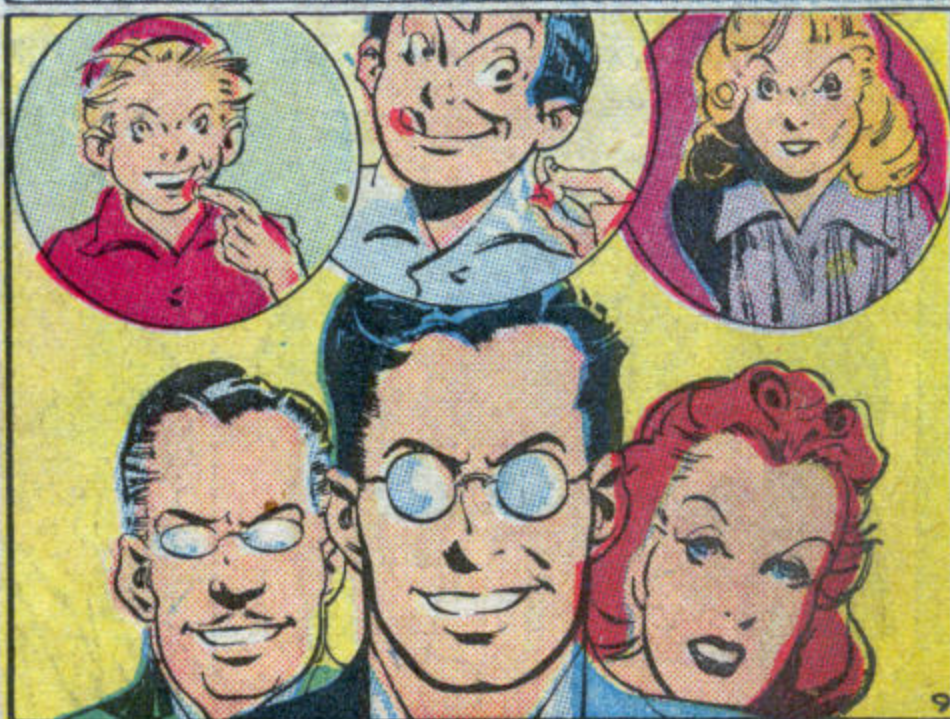
THE MYSTERY PLANE  
IS SOON ROARING  
OVER THE CAPITOL..



AND SENATOR TOM  
WRIGHT DELIVERS IT  
TO THE ARMY FOR  
USE IN DEFENSE..



IN A SHORT TIME THE FOSTER FOOD  
PILLS BRING RENEWED STRENGTH TO  
THE CHILDREN OF THE STRICKEN AREAS..







NIGHT AT THE EAGLE SQUADRON—

HAVE YOU GOT  
YOUR INSTRUCTIONS  
STRAIGHT, TEX?

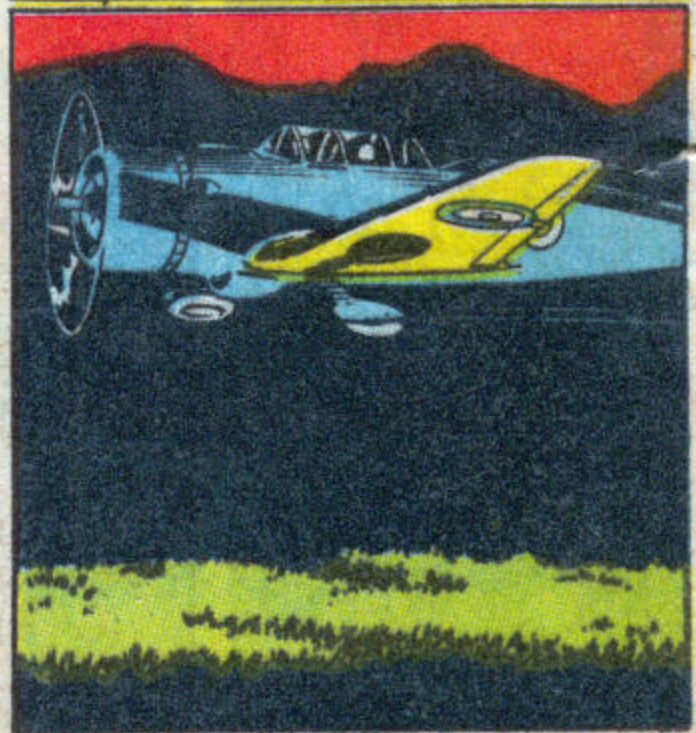
YES, SIR—I  
FLY TO  
CHALONS IN  
FRANCE---



...DROP OFF THE  
BRITISH AGENT  
BY PARACHUTE,  
THEN RETURN--  
IT'S SIMPLE--THE  
AGENT IS THE GUY  
WHO HAS THE  
TOUGH JOB!



TEX AND HIS PASSENGER  
ROAR OFF INTO THE NIGHT  
ON THEIR DESPERATE VENTURE

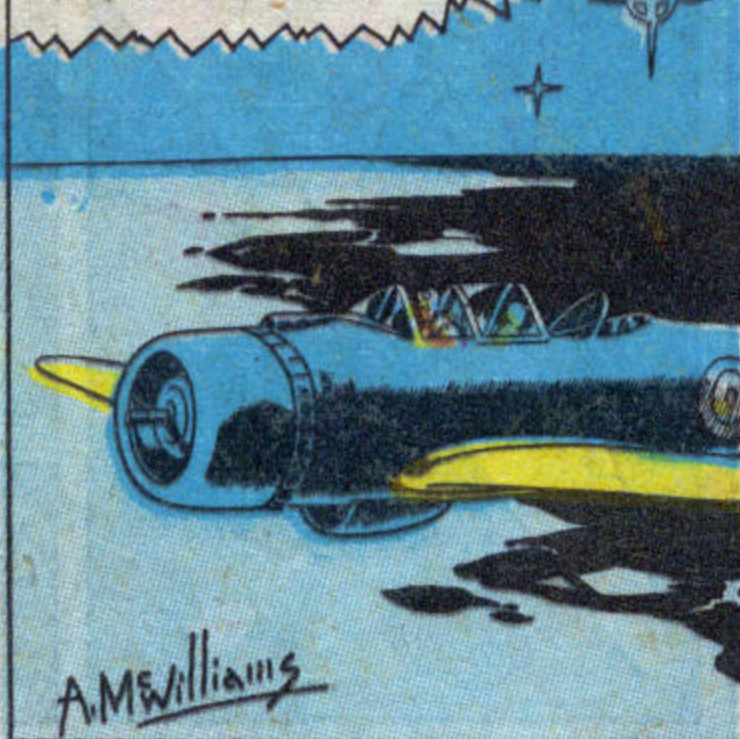




SEPTEMBER CALLING AIR  
COMMAND---OVER CHANNEL  
ANY FURTHER ORDERS?---  
OVER-----!!



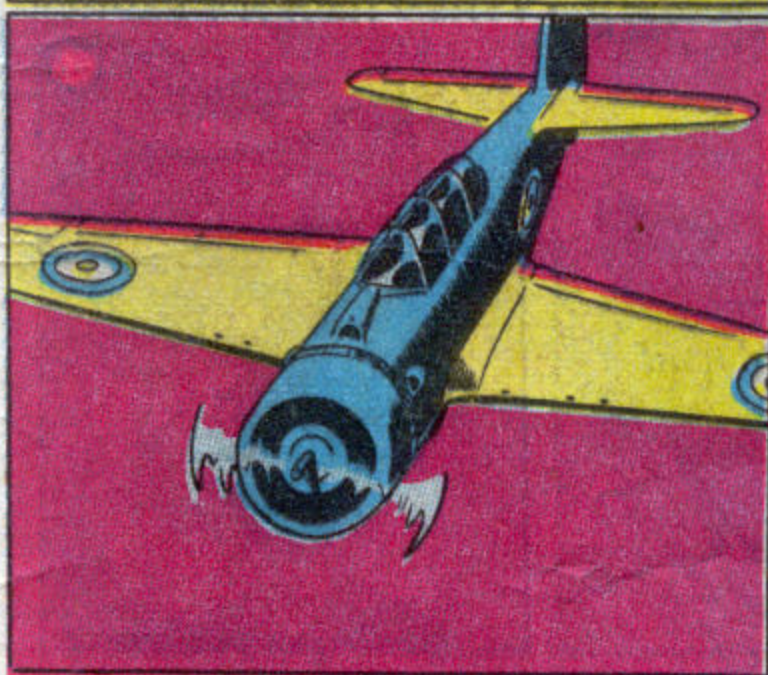
AIR COMMAND CALLING  
SEPTEMBER---NOTHING  
FURTHER---OFF---



TEX STARTS CLIMBING  
HIGHER AND HIGHER  
INTO THE BLACK  
FROZEN HEAVENS---



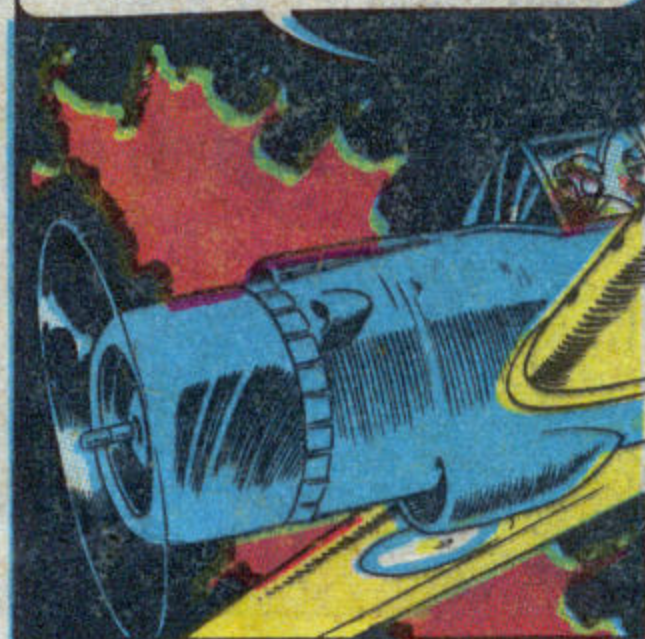
THE TRIM VULTEE DRONES OVER  
THE FRENCH COAST...FLYING AT SUCH  
A TREMENDOUS HEIGHT IT IS UNSEEN  
-----UNHEARD---



TIME TO CUT YOUR  
MOTOR, ADAMS---  
WE'RE APPROACHING  
CHALONS---



I'LL BAIL OUT AT 15,000 FEET  
--YOU CONTINUE YOUR GLIDE  
FOR AS MANY MORE MILES  
AS YOU CAN BEFORE YOU  
OPEN UP YOUR MOTOR---



CHEERIO,  
ADAMS--  
I'M ON MY  
WAY!

GOOD LUCK,  
CHUM--



THOSE LADS REALLY  
HAVE WHAT IT TAKES!  
GUESS HE WON'T  
OPEN HIS 'CHUTE  
UNTIL 1000 FEET



NOW I'VE GOTTA GET  
AS FAR AWAY FROM  
HIM AS I CAN BEFORE  
I GIVE HER THE GUN  
--I DON'T WANT TO  
GIVE HIS LANDING  
AWAY!

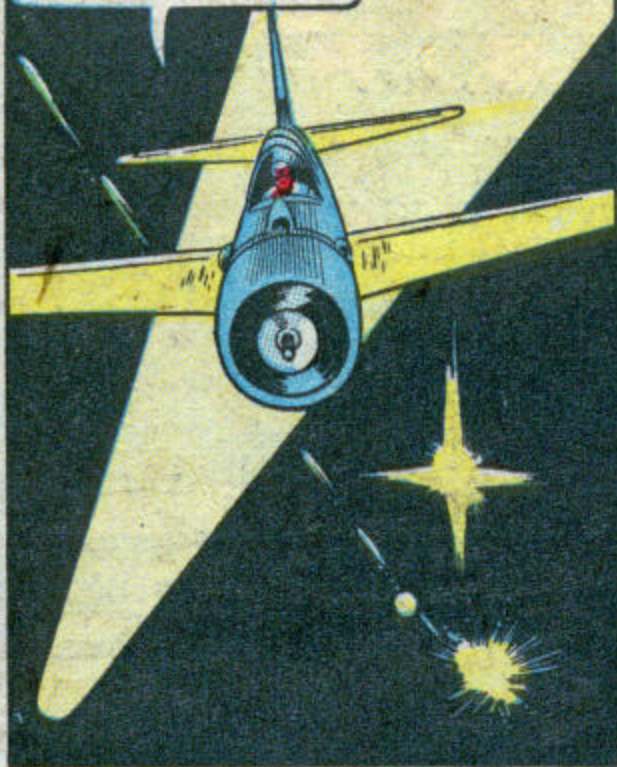




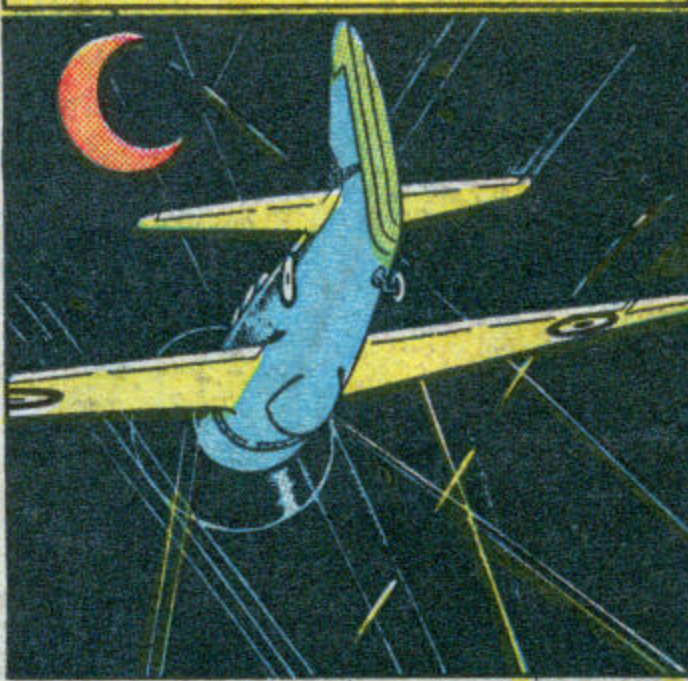
A FEW MINUTES LATER, TEX OPENS HIS THROTTLE AT AN ALTITUDE OF ONLY A FEW HUNDRED FEET...



WHAT TH----  
SEARCHLIGHTS!



UNWITTINGLY, TEX HAS ROARED DIRECTLY ABOVE A CONCENTRATION OF NAZI TROOPS AND HIS PLANE BECOMES THE TARGET FOR STREAMS OF TRACERS ---!!



TEX SIDESLIPS DESPERATELY OUT OF THE SEARCHLIGHT'S BEAM----

WOW--THAT WAS LIKE STEP-  
PING INTO A HORNET'S NEST



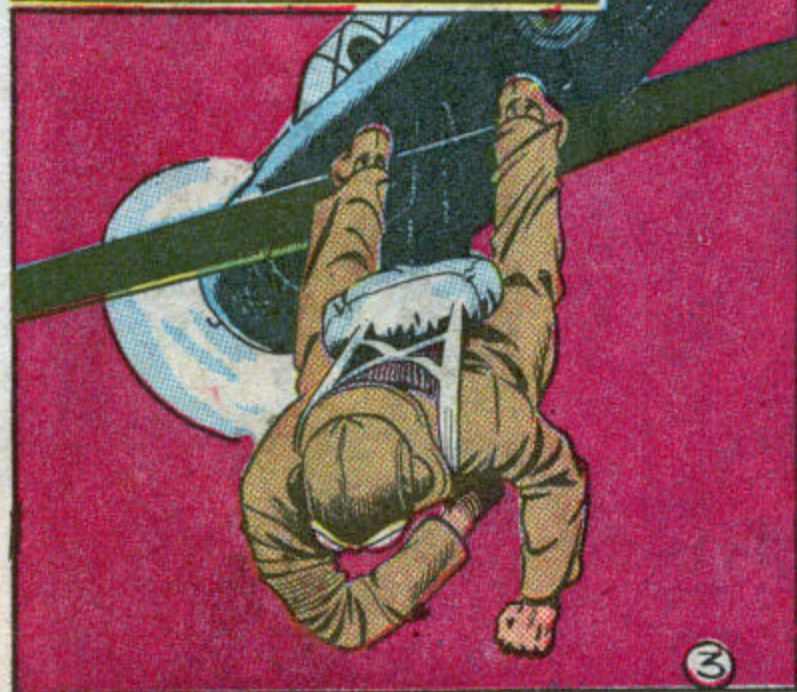
HOMeward BOUND  
--- OH, OH--THEY MUST'VE  
HIT THE MOTOR!! THE  
OIL PRESSURE'S DROP-  
PING FAST---!!



I'LL NEVER EVEN  
MAKE THE CHANNEL--  
THIS MOTOR WILL  
FREEZE UP IN A FEW  
MOMENTS--BUT  
THEY HAVEN'T CAPTUR-  
ED ME YET---!!



POINTING THE NOSE OF  
THE PLANE EASTWARD,  
TEX LOCKS THE CONTROLS  
---AND BAILS OUT---!!



WHEN THAT PLANE CRASHES  
IT'LL BE FORTY MILES AWAY--  
THE NAZIS WON'T KNOW  
WHERE TO LOOK FOR ME --  
SO AT LEAST I HAVE A  
CHANCE ---



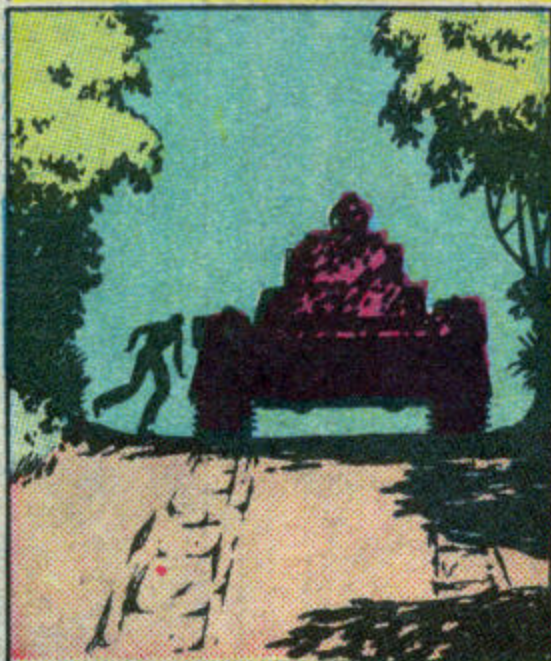


APPROACHING A ROAD, TEX  
HEARS THE CLATTER OF  
EQUIPMENT AND MOTORS...

NAZI TANKS----  
HEADING TOWARD  
THE COAST--!!  
WELL, WELL--



AS THE LAST TANK  
CLATTERS THROUGH...NO  
ONE NOTICES THE SHAD-  
OWY FIGURE EMERGE  
FROM THE BUSHES----



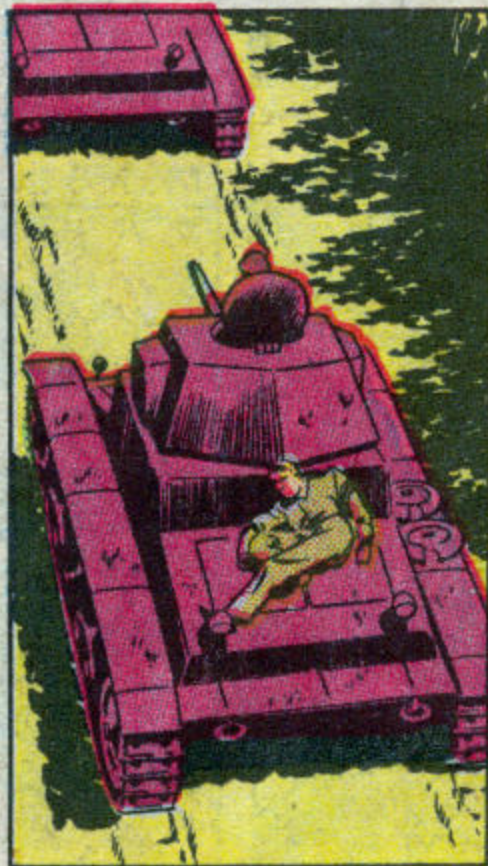
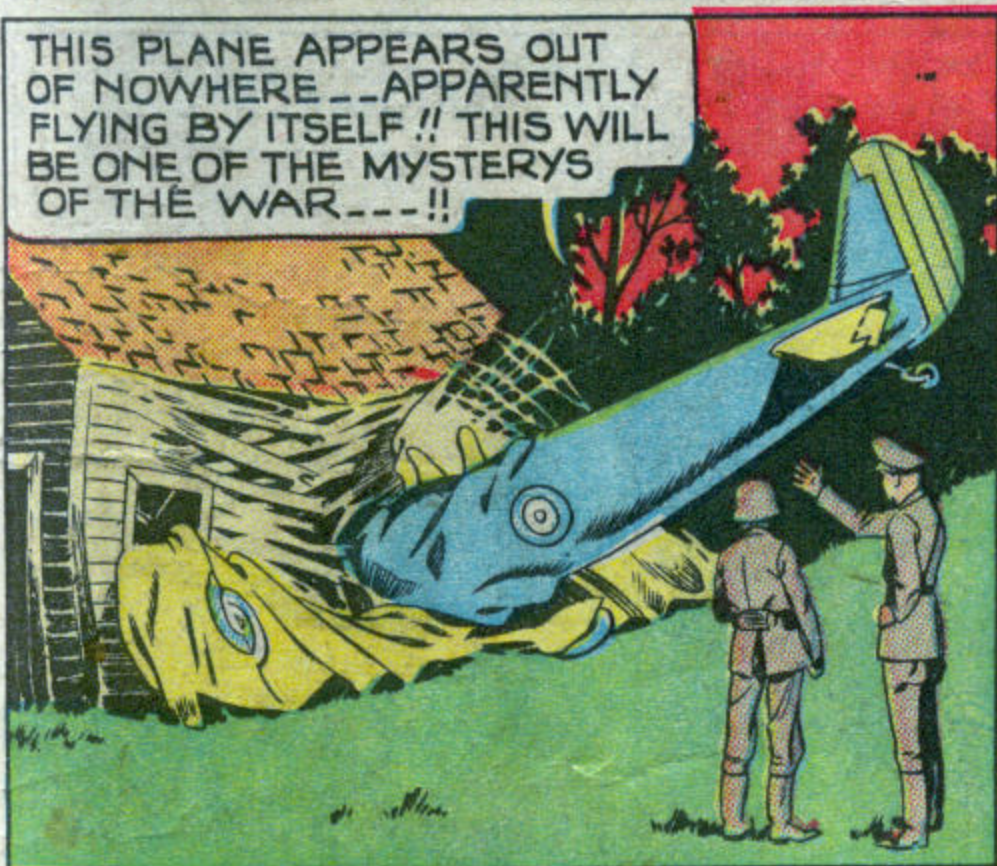
MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY--

WE'VE SEARCHED  
EVERYWHERE IN  
THE VICINITY, KAPITAN,  
BUT WE CAN'T FIND  
THE PILOT--!!

MOST  
AMAZING!



THIS PLANE APPEARS OUT  
OF NOWHERE--APPARENTLY  
FLYING BY ITSELF!! THIS WILL  
BE ONE OF THE MYSTERYS  
OF THE WAR--!!



THESE THINGS  
RIDE LIKE  
CEMENT MIXERS!



I'VE BEEN ON THIS  
ANIMATED BOILER  
FACTORY FOR OVER  
AN HOUR--SO I MUST  
BE NEARING THE  
COAST--HEY! WHAT'S  
THAT?



AS THE TANK PASSES AN  
APPARENTLY DESERTED FIELD,  
TEX SEES NAZI PLANES COMING  
IN FOR A LANDING----

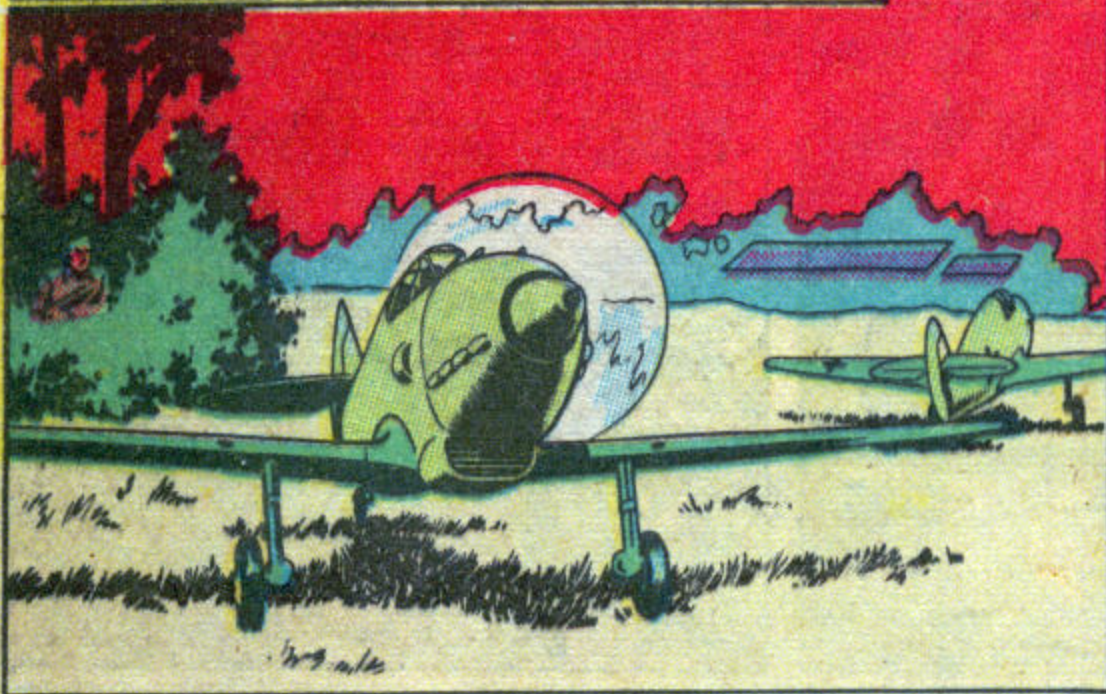


A NAZI PATROL RETURNING  
---TEX--HERE'S YOUR  
CHANCE----!!

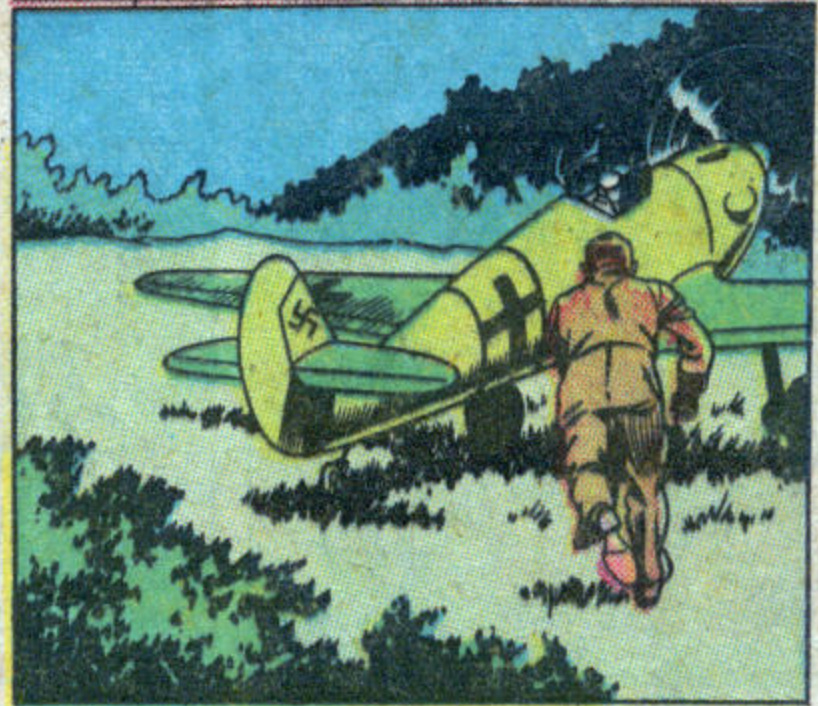




ONE AFTER THE OTHER, THE PLANES  
LAND AND SWING AROUND AT  
TEX'S END OF THE FIELD TO TAXI  
BACK TOWARD THEIR HANGARS..



AS THE LAST PLANE WADDLES  
AROUND AND THE PILOT THROWS  
THE COCKPIT COVER BACK, TEX  
SPRINTS TOWARD IT----

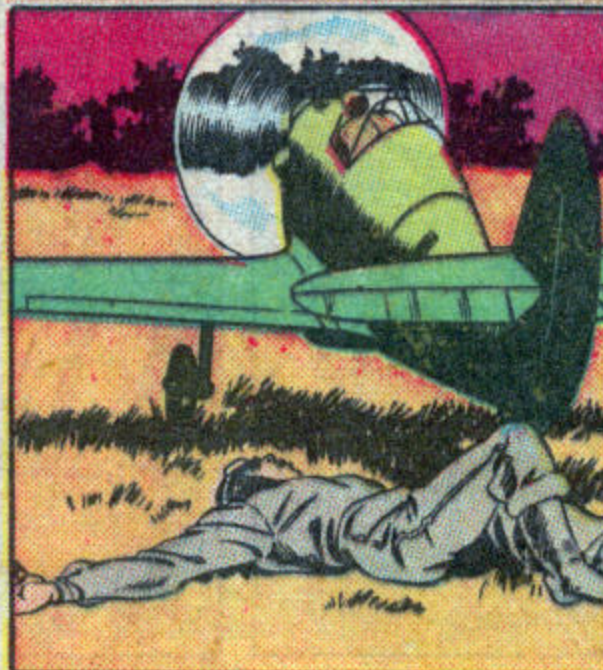


SORRY, PAL--  
BUT IT'S YOU  
OR ME !!

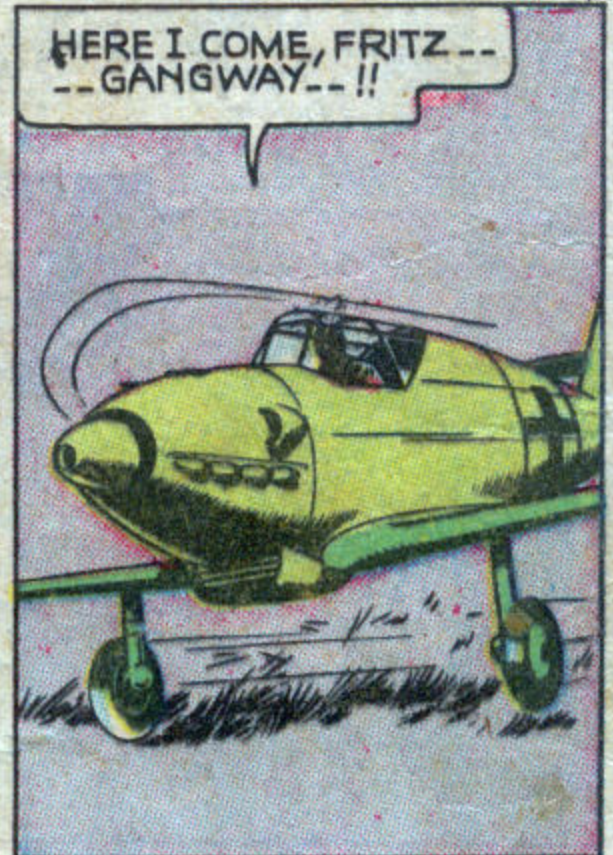
VOT DER--  
LIGH----



WHILE THE PLANE TAXIS  
CRAZILY, TEX HEAVES THE  
UNCONSCIOUS PILOT OUT, AND  
DROPS INTO THE COCKPIT--



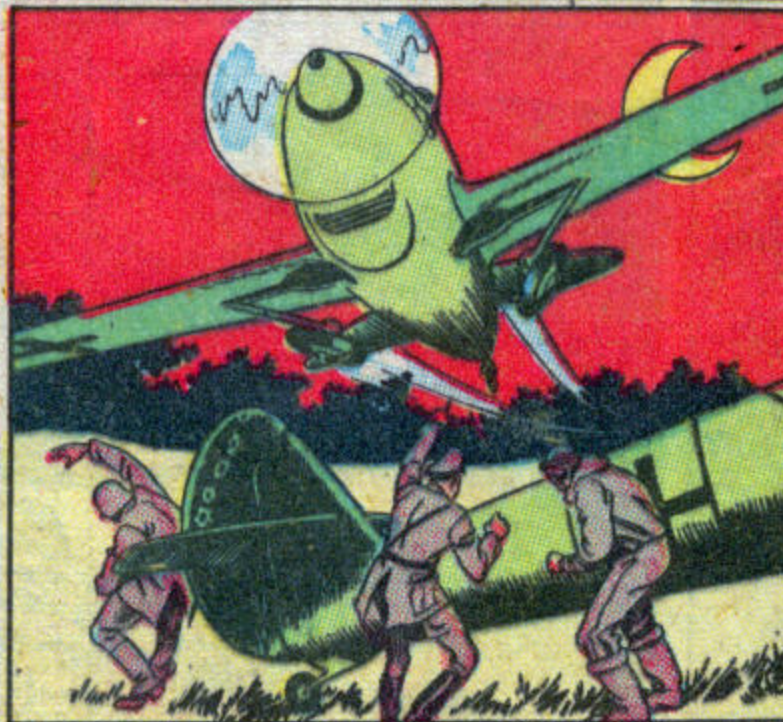
HERE I COME, FRITZ--  
--GANGWAY-- !!



THAT MUST BE THEIR  
HANGARS UNDER THOSE  
TREES AHEAD---I'LL GIVE  
'EM A PARTING SALUTE---!!



TEX RAKES THE NAZI MEN AND  
PLANES WITH BULLETS, THEN  
HURDLES THEM WITH DIZZY SPEED

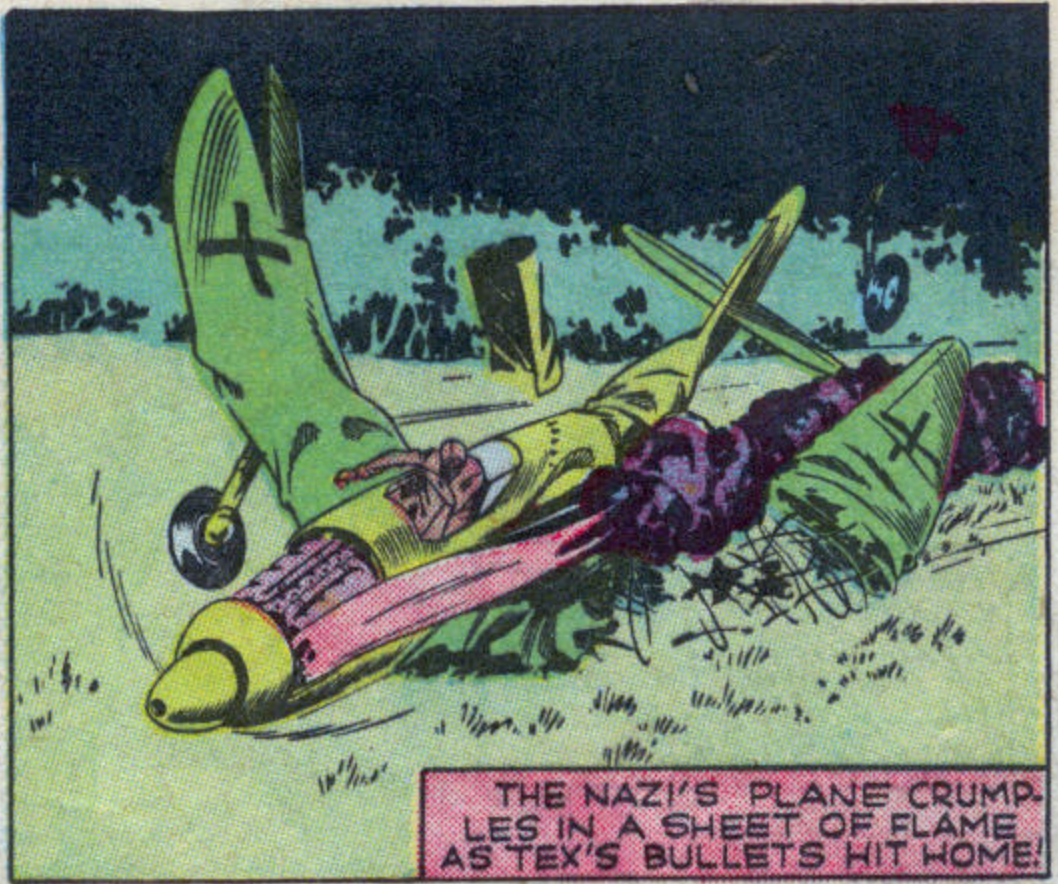
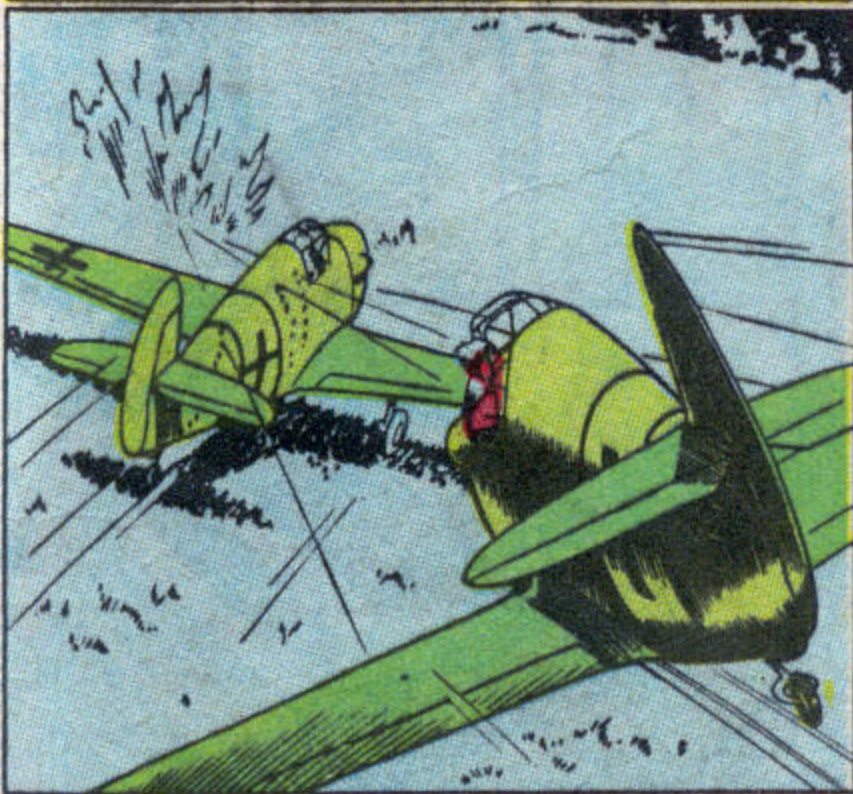


OH, OH--ONE  
OF 'EM IS  
TAKING OFF  
AFTER ME--!



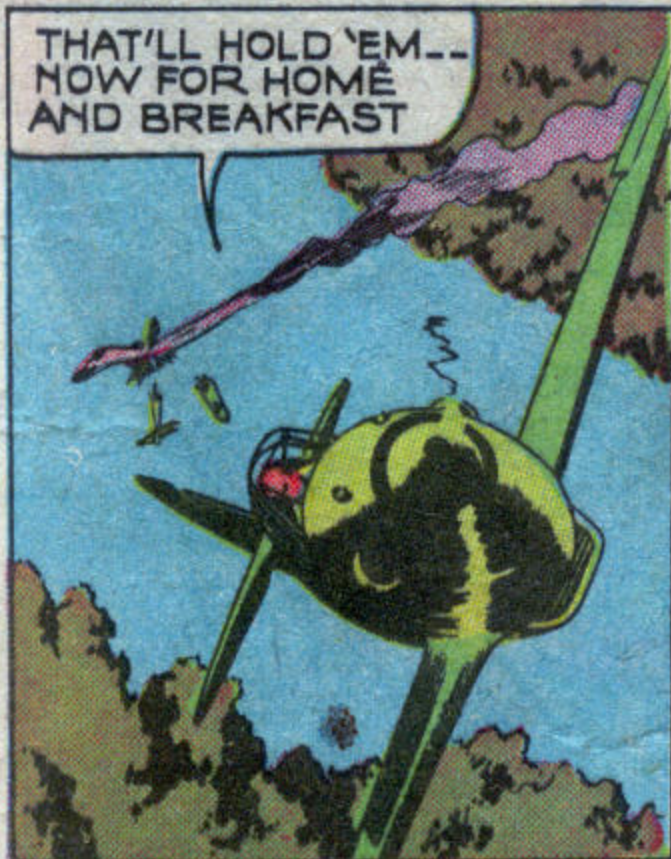


TEX SWOOPS DOWN, GUNS HAMMERING



THE NAZI'S PLANE CRUMPLES IN A SHEET OF FLAME AS TEX'S BULLETS HIT HOME!

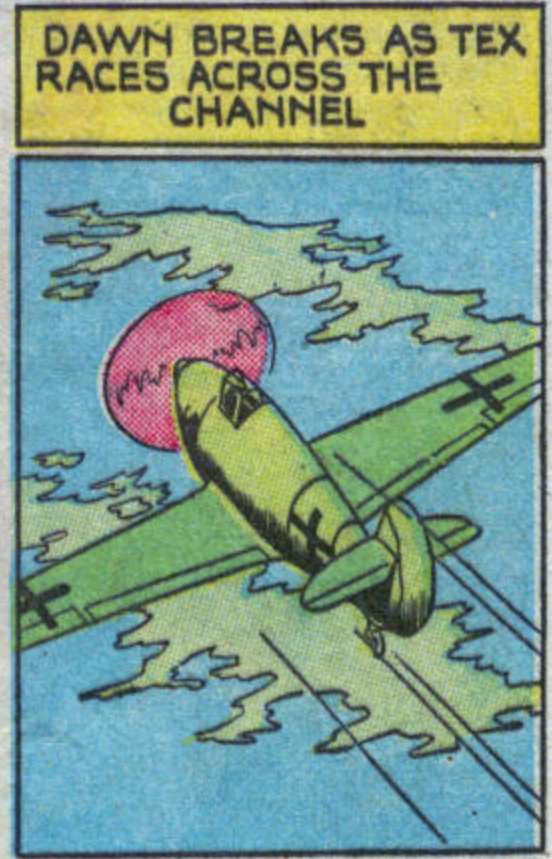
THAT'LL HOLD 'EM--  
NOW FOR HOME  
AND BREAKFAST



NOT MUCH GAS IN THIS CRATE,  
--BUT I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE  
ENGLAND ANYHOW---



DAWN BREAKS AS TEX  
RACES ACROSS THE  
CHANNEL



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE  
EAGLE SQUADRON, TEX'S PAL  
CHUCK, IS A NERVOUS WRECK

DAWN...AND  
HE'S HOURS  
OVERDUE --HE  
MUST BE A  
PRISONER!

TAKE IT  
EASY,  
CHUCK!



HEY, BOYS !!--SOME  
FARMER IS BRINGING  
IN A JERRY PILOT---  
HIS SHIP LANDED JUST  
DOWN THE ROAD--OUT  
OF GAS---!!



TEX !!

CHUCK !--TELL THIS  
MUG WHO I AM---!!  
HE'S WALKED ME  
TEN MILES--!





# ALIAS THE

# SPIDER

HE HUNTS THE BIGGEST  
OF ALL GAME,, CRIMINALS  
BEYOND THE STRONG ARM  
OF THE LAW!! THIS IS TOM  
HALLAWAY,,, ALIAS THE  
SPIDER!!

OUTSIDE THE  
STATELY MANSION  
OF ARTHUR HENDERSON,  
CHUCK, THE FAITHFUL  
SERVANT OF TOM  
HALLAWAY, WAITS  
IMPATIENTLY...

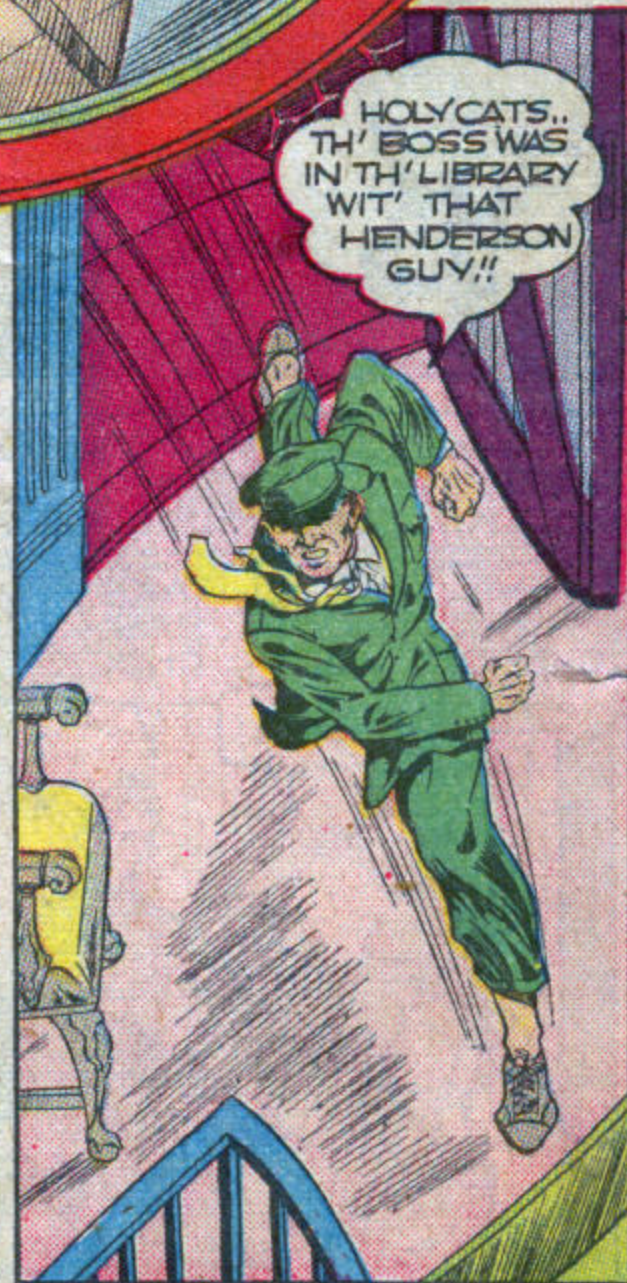
I OUGHTA BOP  
THAT GUY,,, HE'S  
BEEN IN THERE  
HOURS! WE'RE  
EVEN GONNA MISS  
BANK NIGHT!!



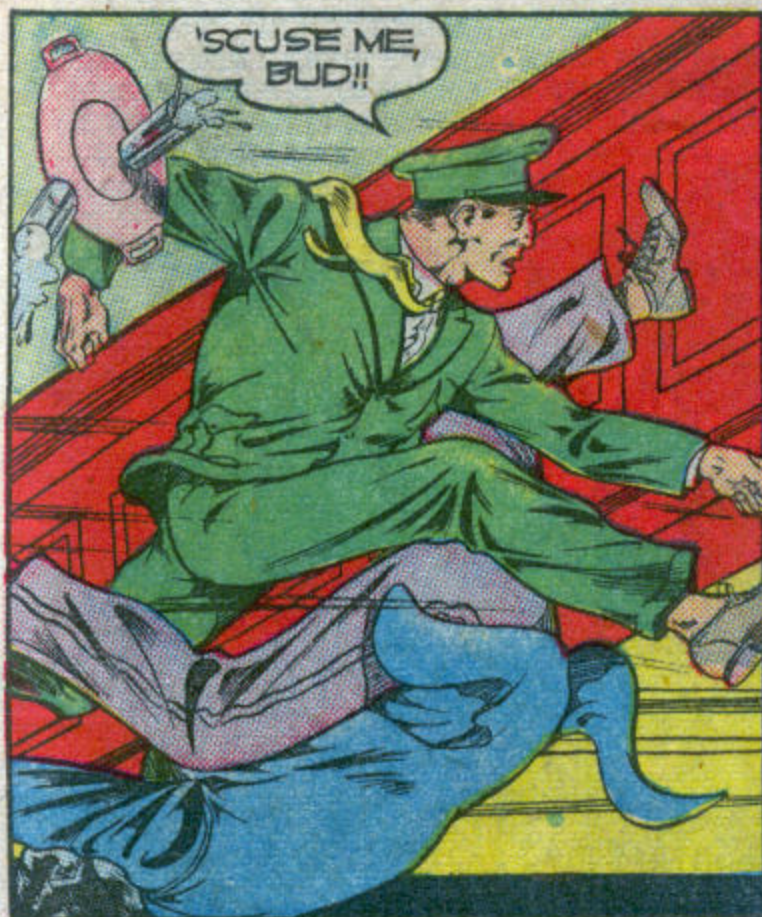
SUDDENLY, A FADING  
SCREAM ECHOES  
FROM THE LIBRARY...



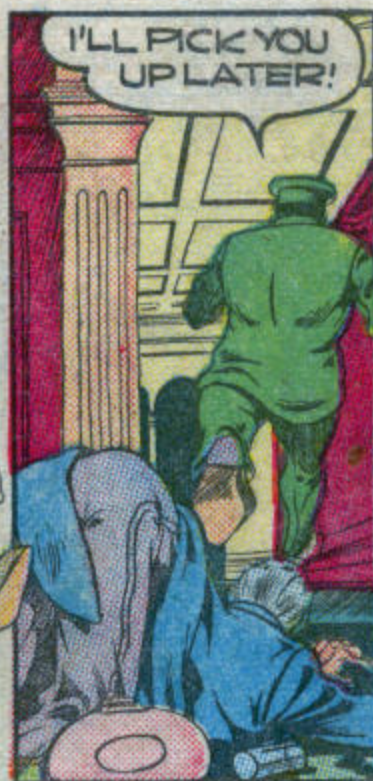
HOLYCATS..  
TH' BOSS WAS  
IN TH' LIBRARY  
WIT' THAT  
HENDERSON  
GUY!!







'SCUSE ME, BUD!!



I'LL PICK YOU UP LATER!



UHE



HEY, YOU.. WHERE'S TH' PLACE WHERE YOUR BOSS KEEPS HIS BOOKS?



THE LIBRARY, SIR, IS OVER THERE!!

MY WORD..



HEY BOSS.. **BOSS!** OH.. YOU'RE OKAY!! I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU THAT GOT CROAKED!

NO, CHUCK!!



IT WAS HENDERSON.. SHOT RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART! DID YOU SEE WHO IT WAS?

ME? I DIDN'T SEE NOBODY.. CAUSE NOBODY WAS AROUND!!



ARE YOU SURE! 'COURSE, WIT' THAT BIG LAWN IN FRONT OF THIS DUMP, I'DA SEEN ANYBODY HALF MILE AWAY!!



**HOLY CATS**



HAVE YOU GONE LOCO? C'MON.. I GOTTA GET YOU OUTA HERE BEFORE TH' BULLS ARRIVE..



DON'T BE A DOPE.. HENDERSON WAS AFRAID HE'D GET KILLED.. THAT'S WHY HE ASKED ME TO COME OUT HERE! HE KNOWS THAT I'M THE SPIDER AND MADE ME HIS HEIR IN THE NEW WILL HE HAD MADE OUT THIS MORNING!!



"IF YOU LEAVE YOUR MONEY TO YOUR ADOPTED DAUGHTER, SHE WILL NEVER LIVE TO SPEND IT... SOMEONE CLOSE!"



I DON'T GET IT!?!?

I DO! IT'S FROM THE MURDERER.. BUT IT GETS ME WHO HE IS! HENDERSON'S LAST WORDS WERE IN REGARD TO HIM.. BUT ALL HE HAD A CHANCE TO SAY WAS "MY HALF..." BEFORE HE DIED! FINDING HIS KILLER IS GOING TO BE A TOUGH JOB!!



YEAH? REACH HIGH, YOU GUYS! I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING YOU'VE SAID... AND I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF ARTHUR HENDERSON.. MR. SPIDER! MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING MISS HENDERSON KEEPS COMPANY WITH A DUMB COP!!



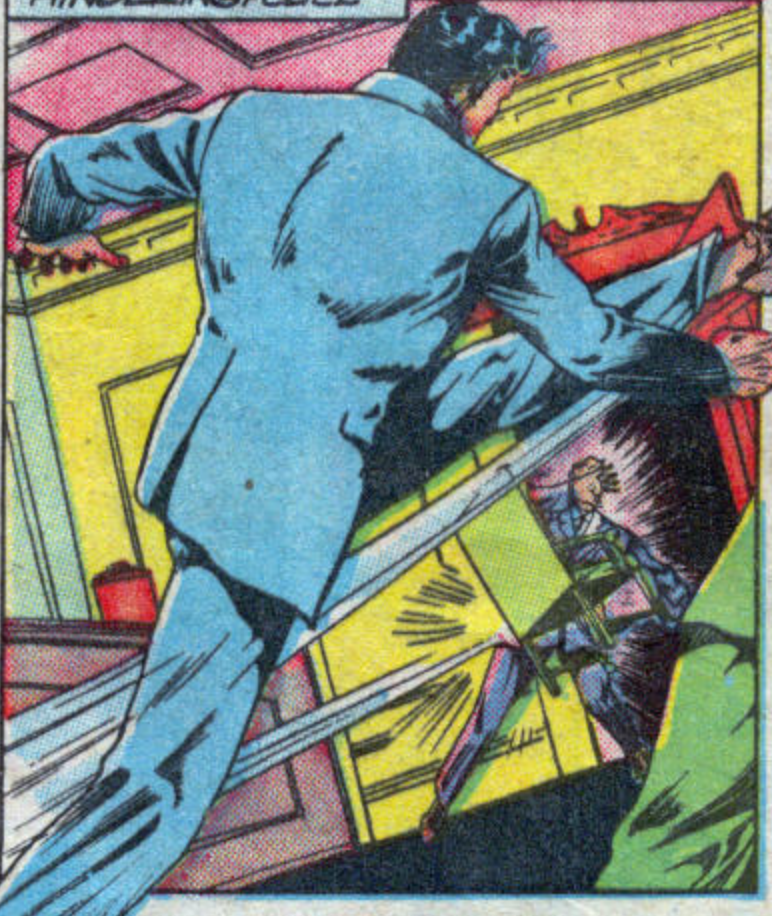
AH... DON'T BE A CHUMP!! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE AND GET TO WORK, CHUCK!



TOM HALLAWAY SHIFTS HIS FOOT BEHIND A CHAIR..



... AND IN A FLASH, SENDS IT INTO THE HINDERING POLICE



BEFORE THE OFFICER CAN COLLECT HIMSELF CHUCK AND TOM ARE THROUGH THE WINDOW



CHUCK.. KEEP THAT COP BUSY.. THE SPIDER'S GOING TO WORK!!



OKAY, BOSS!!

WITH CHUCK KEEPING THE POLICEMAN BUSY AND OUT OF THE WAY, THE SPIDER COMES THE GROUNDS AROUND THE LIBRARY FOR A CLUE...



OH.. OH.. HERE IT IS!!

A MAUSER BULLET.. SO THAT'S WHY THERE WERE NO FOOT-PRINTS AROUND HERE... HENDERSON WAS KILLED WITH A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE, THRU THE WINDOW AND INTO THIS TREE... HMMMM CAME FROM THE WOODS

ACROSS THE FRONT LAWN



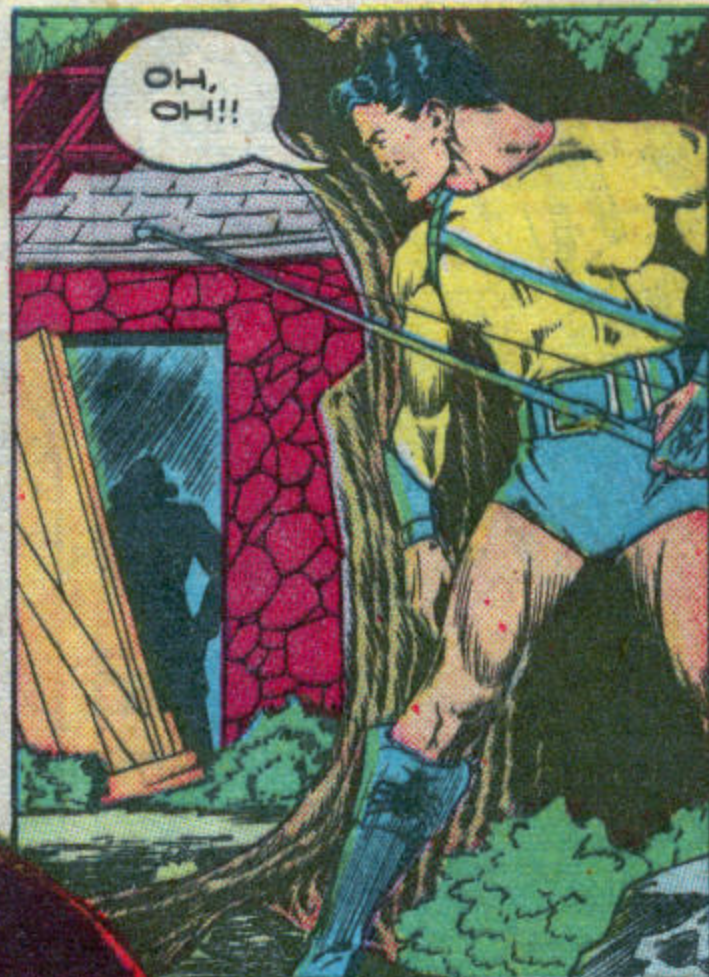
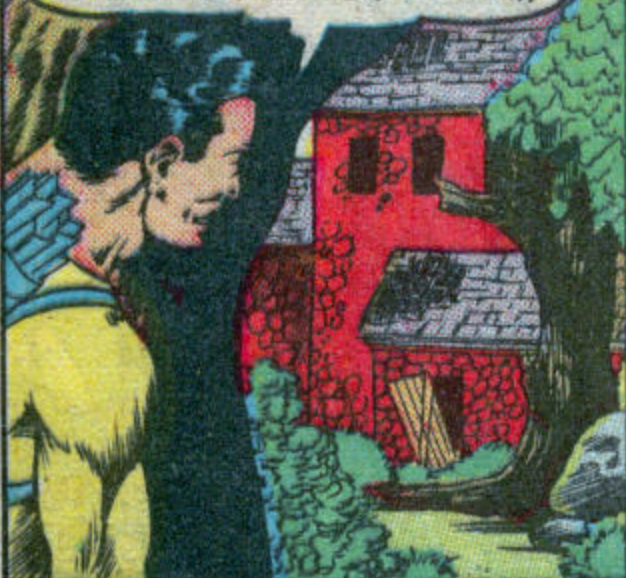


**BEFORE LONG, THE SPIDER IS TRACING THE PATH OF THE BULLET BACK TO ITS SOURCE**

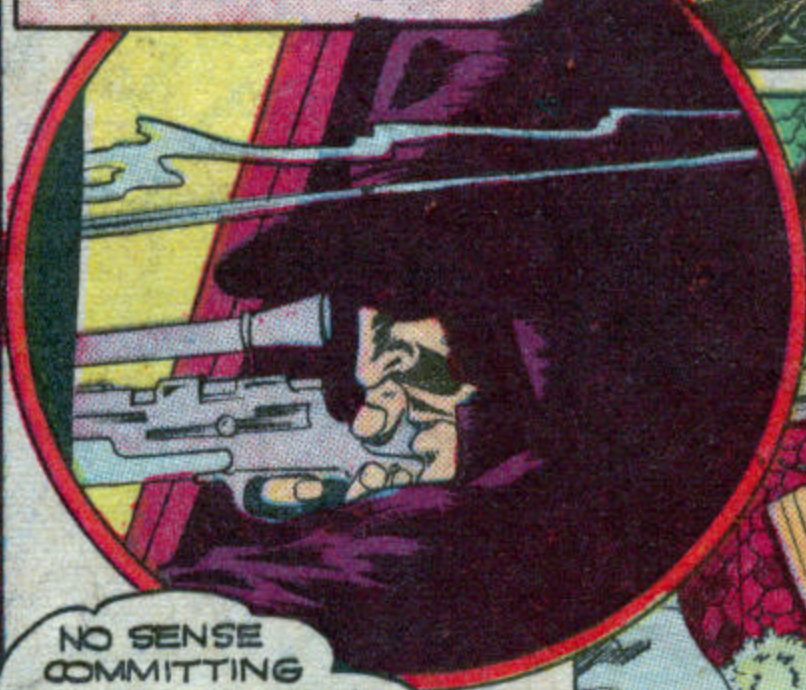
HMMM.. MUST BE OVER A MILE AWAY FROM THE HOUSE. WHOEVER KILLED HENDERSON MUST HAVE USED A TELESCOPE SIGHT.. YES.. A GUN USED FOR BIG GAME HUNTING..



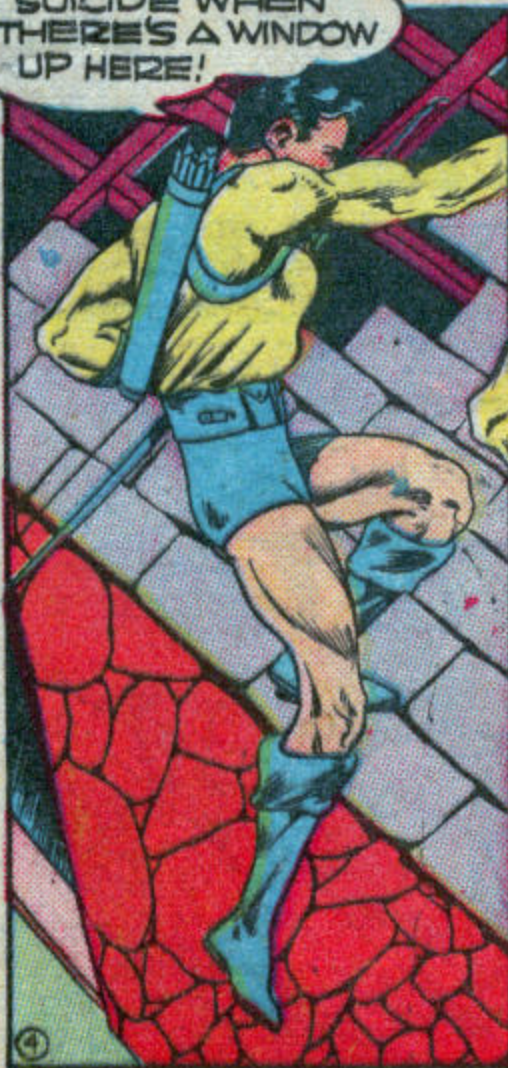
HEY.. WHAT'S THAT..?? AN OLD BUILDING!! THAT'S IT...THE TOP OF IT WOULD BE A PERFECT SPOT TO SHOOT FROM!!



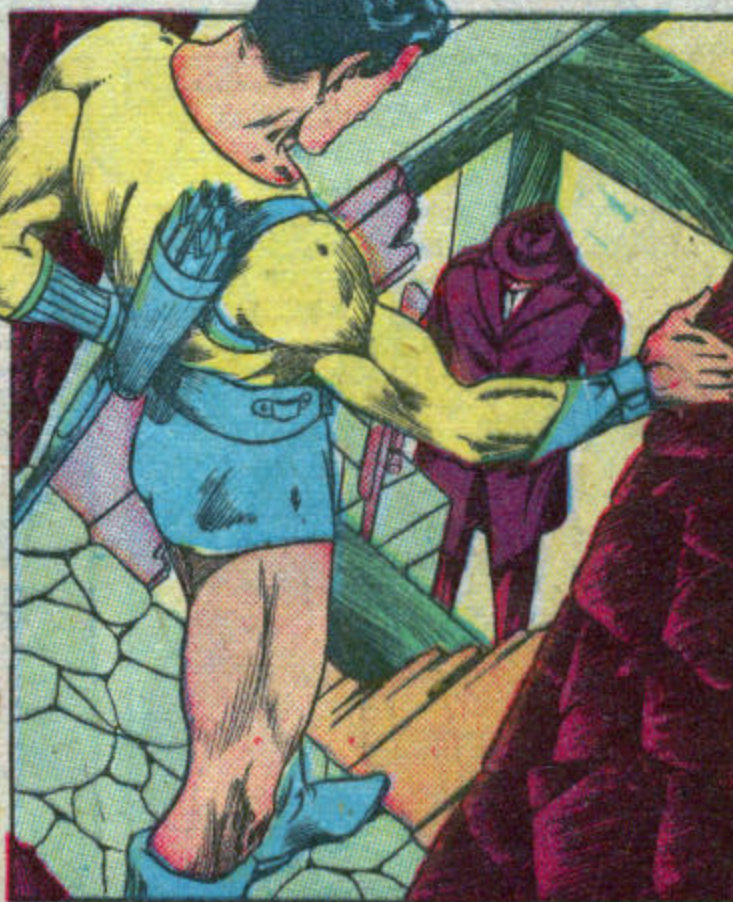
BUT THE FIGURE STEPS ASIDE...AND IN A FLASH BRINGS HIS GUN UP..



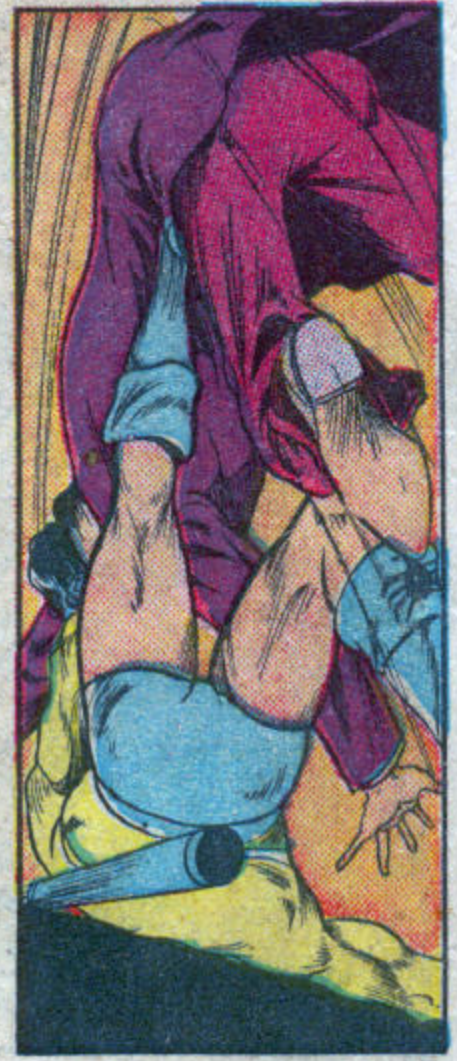
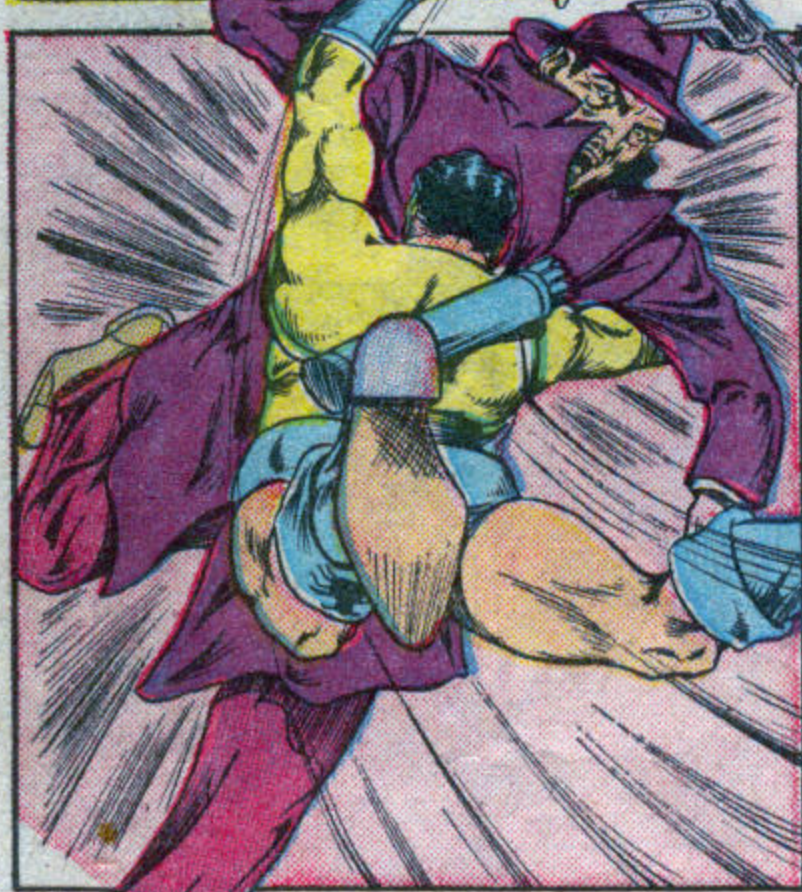
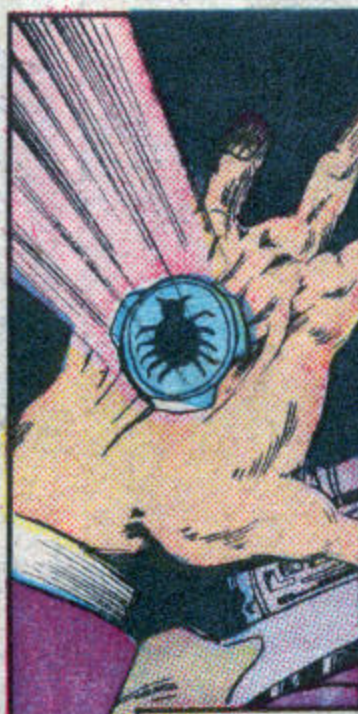
NO SENSE COMMITTING SUICIDE WHEN THERE'S A WINDOW UP HERE!



MOVING SWIFTLY AND UNSEEN.. THE SPIDER MAKES HIS WAY TO THE DOOR OF THE OLD BUILDING

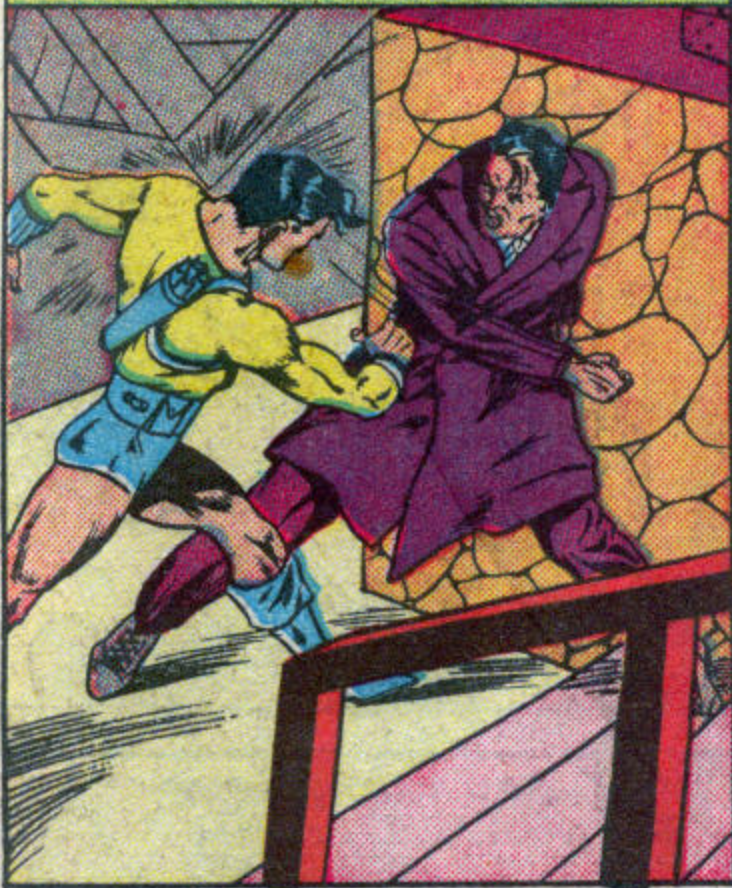








OFF GUARD THE MYSTERIOUS KILLER CRASHES DOWN ON THE SPIDER,, SENDING HIM TO THE FLOOR,,



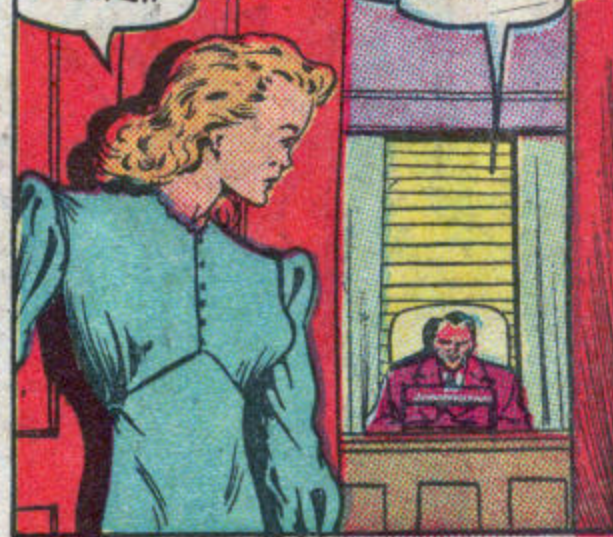
THE RATS HERE WILL HAVE A GOOD MEAL, MR. SPIDER,, AND IN THE MORNING... THERE WILL ONLY BE YOUR SKELETON LEFT HA..HA,, HA!!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT ARTHUR HENDERSON'S LAWYER'S OFFICE

A MR. HALLAWAY TO SEE YOU SIR!!

THANK YOU.. SEND HIM IN!!



WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO EXPLAIN, HE LEFT IT TO ME TO PROTECT THE LIFE OF HIS DAUGHTER FROM SOMEONE WHO THREATENED TO KILL HER SHOULD SHE BECOME HER..

HIS HALF-BROTHER.. I HUNTED WITH HENDERSON, HIS DAUGHTER AND HIS OTHER HALF-BROTHER 10 YEARS AGO IN AFRICA! IT'S A SHAME THIS HALF BROTHER HAD TO TURN FROM THE WORLD'S BEST MARKSMAN,, TO A MURDERING SHYSTER!!

AS TOM HALLAWAY STEPS INTO THE OFFICE,,

UH!! HIM!! I UNDERSTAND I'M THE HEIR TO ARTHUR HENDERSON'S ESTATE!!



Y-YES... ER.. BY WHOM?



ARTHUR'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER!

YES!! AND I WOULDN'T MOVE A HAIR UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE IF I WERE YOU... SHE'D PROBABLY SPLIT IT AT THAT SHORT DISTANCE!! S'LONG.. CHUMP!!

PRETTY CLEVER OF YOU TO TELL MY SECRETARY THAT YOU WERE TOM HALLAWAY, SO YOU COULD GET TO ME! TOO BAD,, BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE AN ACCIDENTAL DIVE OUT THAT WINDOW,,, MR. SPIDER!!

BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING, TAKE A LOOK AT THE ROOF OF THE WAGNER HOTEL!!



More of Alias The Spider in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.



**PLENTY!**  
BUT I  
DASSN'T  
SHOW 'EM  
TO YUH—  
IT'S TOO  
**DANGEROUS**  
!!!!

AWRIGHT  
BUT I AINT  
RESPONSIBLE  
FER WHAT  
HAPPENS!!



YEAH!

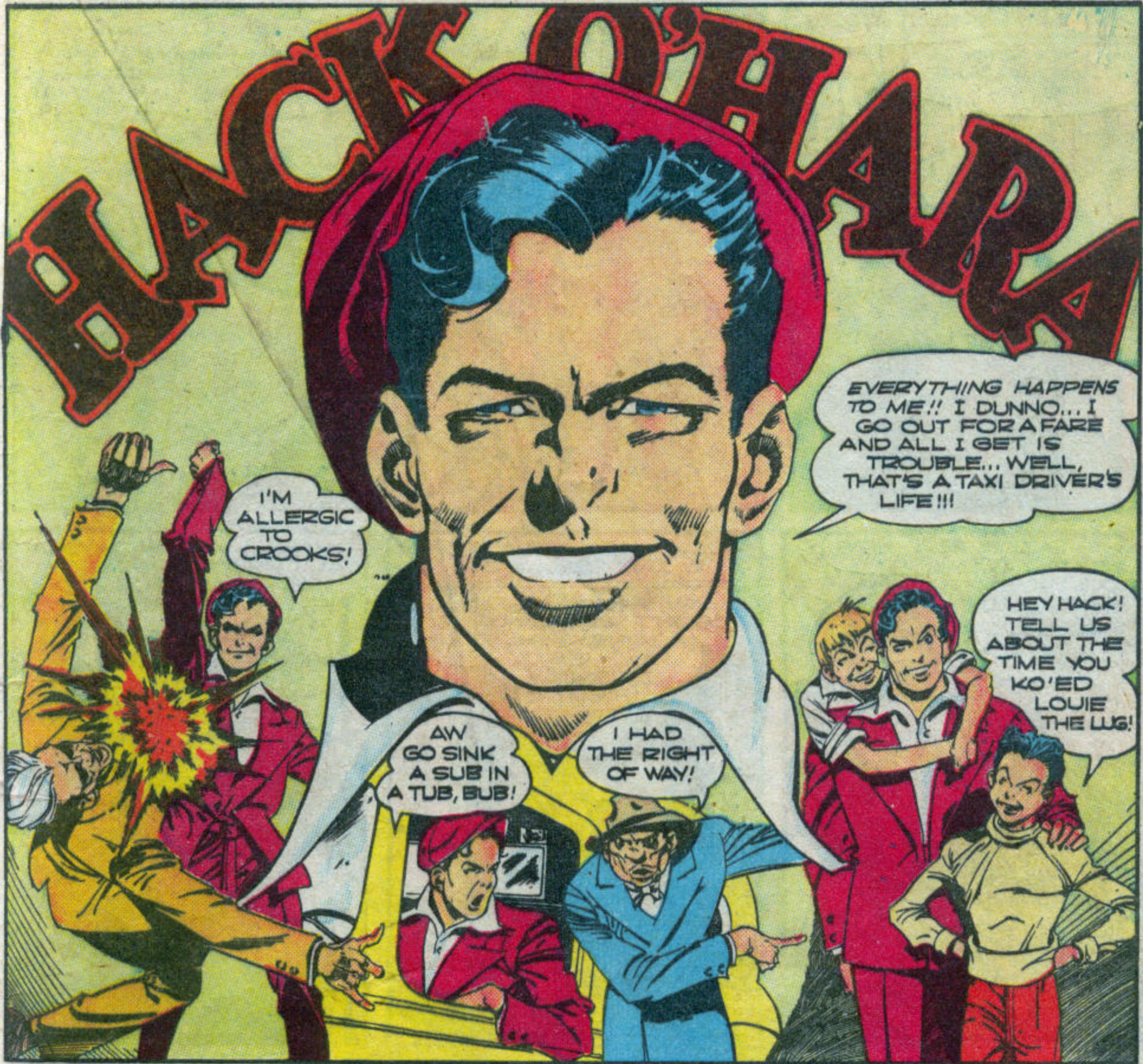
TO

ME TOO...  
MOVE  
OVER!

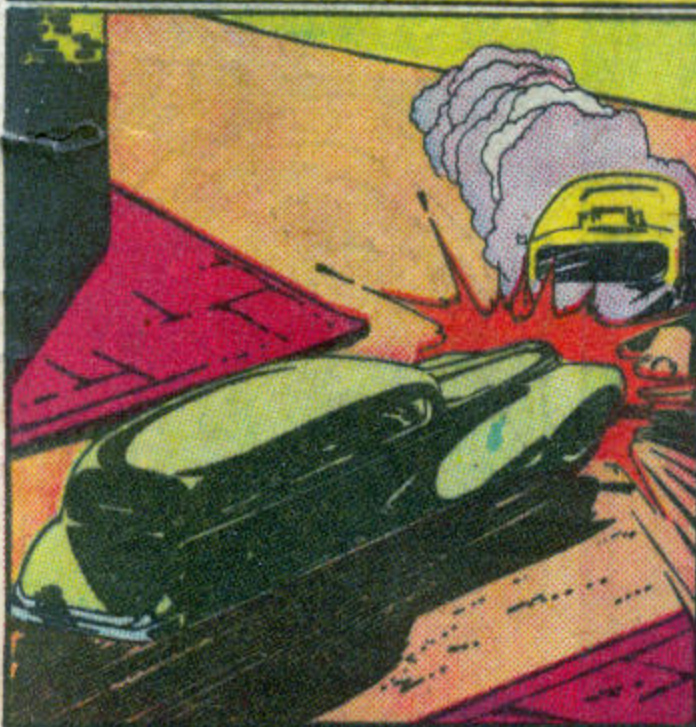
A cartoon illustration of a man and a woman lying on the ground, seemingly unconscious or dead. A large, stylized 'X' made of two crossed axes or swords is superimposed over them. The background is a dark, purple sky with a crescent moon and green trees.

SON WE BEEN  
SLEEPIN' FER  
**SIX MONTHS!**  
I TOLD YUH  
THET DERN  
STUFF WUZ  
**CONTAGEOUS!!**





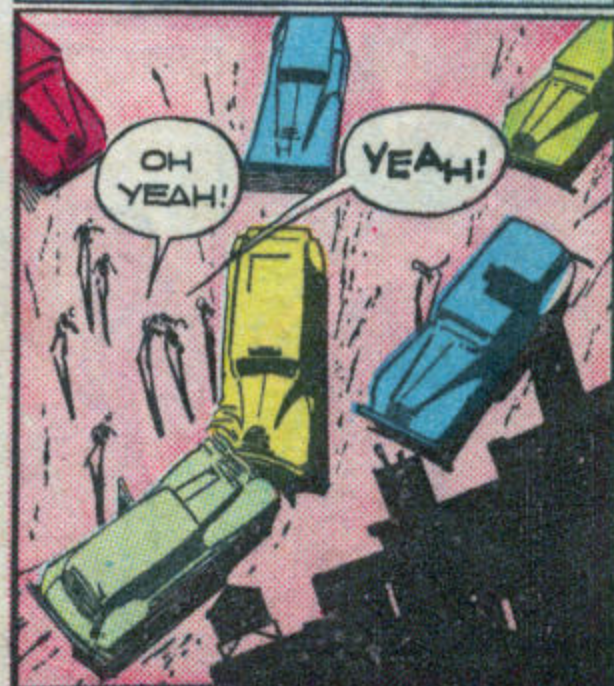
MIDTOWN ON A BUSY AFTERNOON,  
HACK'S CAB MEETS A SNOOTY  
LIMOUSINE.....



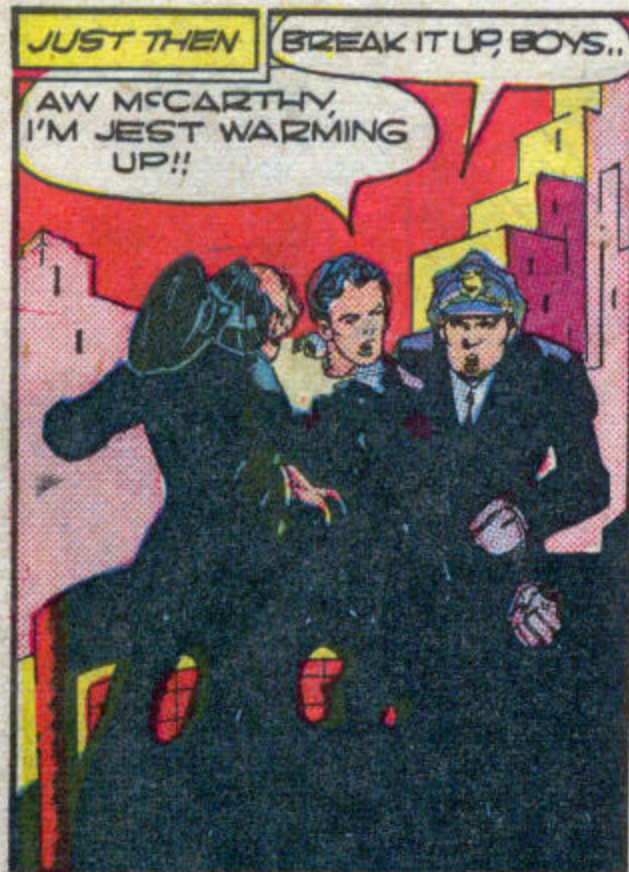
WHAT'S THE  
BLANKETY BLANK  
IDEA? YOU BLASTED...  
HACKS SHOULD BE  
KICKED OFF  
THE STREETS..



TRAFFIC IS SOON SNARLED  
UP AS CHAUFFEUR AND  
CABBY SWAP WORDS WITH  
BLOWS.....









AFTER FURTHER EXPLANATION,  
THE WOMAN HAS HACK DRIVE  
TO THE CLUB SWANQUE....



WHEN THE EAST INDIAN COMES  
OUT OF THE CLUB...



AT THE PRINCE'S HOME..

THE DAME  
SAID FOLLOW  
HIM... SO  
I'M  
FOLLOWIN'!!



BUT THE SURPRISE IS ALL HIS  
AS THE PRINCE WHIRLS...



THE CABBY!!! OH  
MY DEAR CHAP, I'M  
DREADFULLY SORRY...  
DID I NEGLECT TO  
PAY MY FARE?



FORGET IT,  
MY GOOD MAN..  
AH, I SEE  
I'VE HURT YOUR  
BACK ... I'LL  
REMEDY  
THAT..



I HAVE A RARE  
ASSORTMENT OF  
MEDICINAL HERBS AND  
DRUGS... HOBBY OF  
MINE...



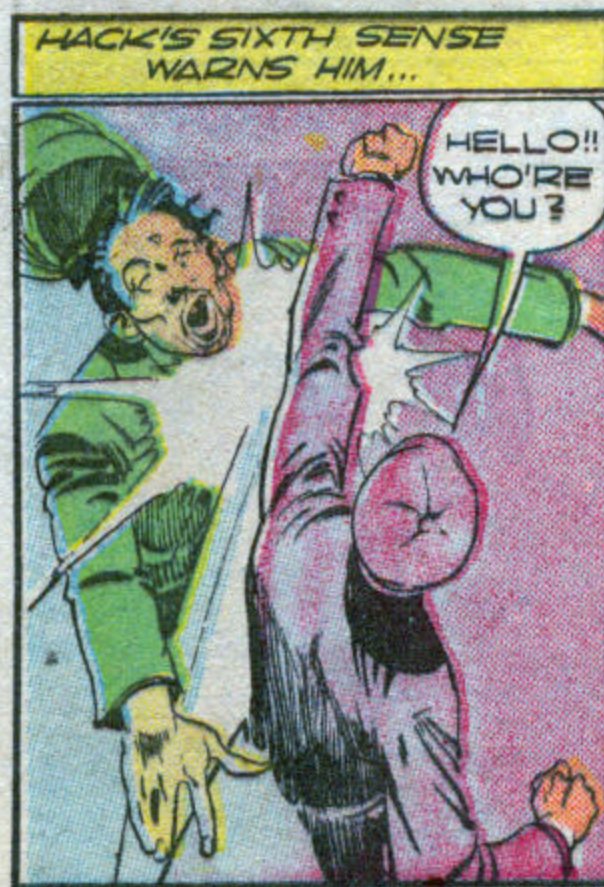
RATHER DANGEROUS  
CHESTFUL TOO... THE  
POWDER IN THAT  
SMALL RED JAR IS  
VERY DEADLY...  
CAUSES  
HEART-FAILURE  
AFTER ONE HOUR..  
VERY HARD  
TO DETECT..



YEAH? WELL THAT'S ALL  
I WANT TO KNOW!!  
GIVE ME  
THAT!!











Another episode of Hack O'Hara in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

THESE YOUNGSTERS SEEM TO WANT YOUR AUTOGRAPH MORE THAN THEY WANT TO SEE THE BENEFIT SHOW, NED

THAT MIGHT BE BECAUSE NED AND THE CONFERENCE CHAMPION, JAMMER STEEL, ARE JUST FIGHTING AN EXHIBITION BOUT FOR THEM

JUST BECAUSE THIS IS FOR NEEDY FAMILIES, DON'T THINK JAMMER WON'T KNOCK YOU OUT IF HE GETS A CHANCE

NO, I DON'T THINK HE'S THAT SORT OF A GUY

WHAT I OUGHT TO BE EXAMINING IS YOUR HEAD, BRANT, FOR GETTING INTO THE RING WITH THE CHAMP

ARE HIS BANDAGES ALL RIGHT, OR AREN'T THEY? THAT'S ALL THE CONVERSATION WE NEED FROM YOU!

WIPE THAT GREASE OFF THE CHAMP'S FACE, REFEREE!

NONE OF THAT, STEEL!

SHAKE HANDS NOW AND COME OUT FIGHTING AT THE BELL

YOU HEARD THAT, DIDN'T YOU, SON? HE SAID, FIGHTING!

AS THE BELL CLANGS, STEEL, THE CHAMP, RUSHES AT BRANT WHO IS JUST GETTING UP FROM HIS STOOL..

TOO LATE COMES THE WARNING FROM JAKE, NED BRANT'S TRAINER.

NED-LOOK OUT!

GOSH, HE'S STILL OUT!

ONE SIDE, PLEASE!

JUST LIE QUIET, NED

W-WHERE AM I?

BUT-ALL THOSE SWELL KIDS-I HATE TO FACE THEM!

YOU'LL GET ANOTHER CHANCE AT THE CHAMP IN THE CONFERENCE TOURNAMENT-IT'LL BE A MUCH DIFFERENT STORY THEN!

WE THINK YOU CAN LICK THE CHAMP, NED!

HE FOUGHT DIRTY, NED!

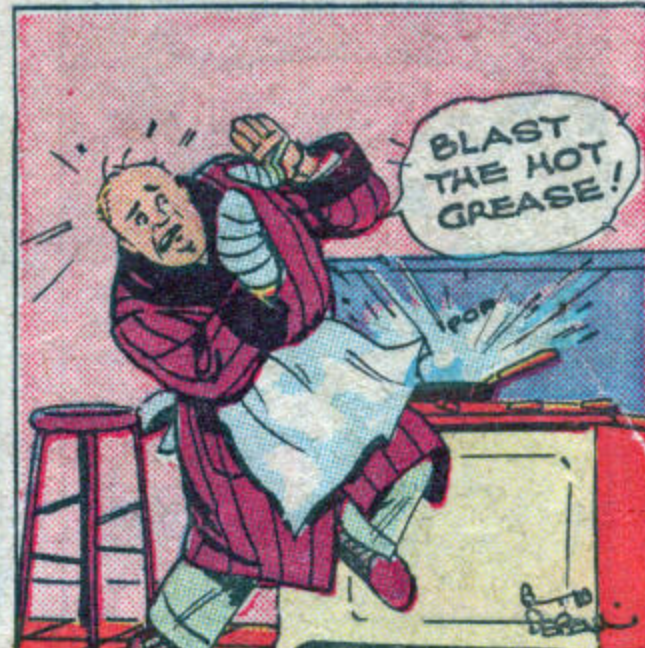
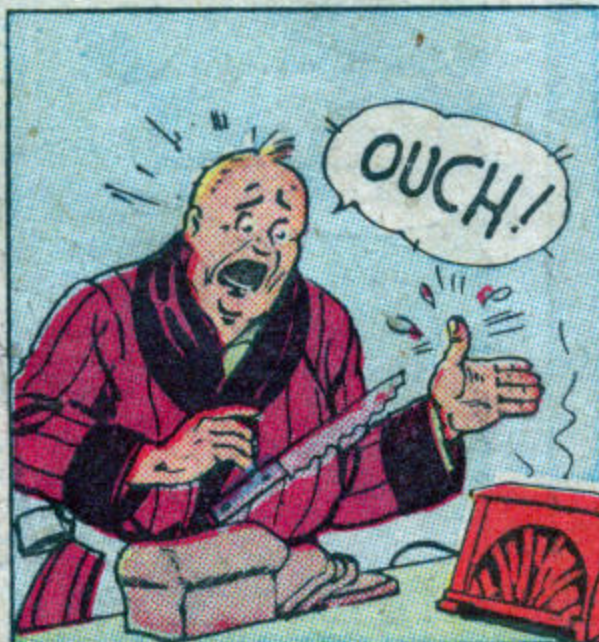
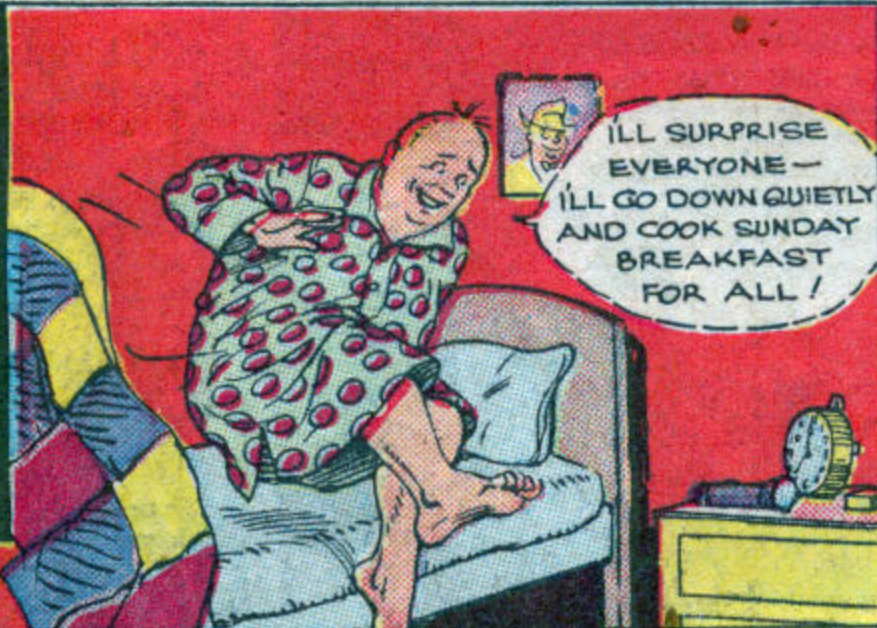
WHAT HE DID WAS NOT AGAINST THE RULES, BOYS-HE CAUGHT ME NAPPING-BUT I'LL PROMISE TO DO BETTER NEXT TIME-FOR YOU GUYS!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW





# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

NED, IF YOU LOSE THIS CONFERENCE CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT, IT WON'T BE BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT IN CONDITION

1-7

HE ISN'T GOING TO LOSE IT, BUD SHEKELS!

THAT CUP WILL BE DECORATING CARTER'S TROPHY ROOM, JUST AS SURE AS YOU'RE HALF-WITTED, BUD!

THAT PRACTICALLY MAKES IT A CINCH, I MIGHT SAY

LET THE RIGHT HAND GO ONCE, NED

I'LL CHASE THE BAG

WOW! WAIT'LL THE CHAMPION'S JAW GETS IN FRONT OF ONE OF THOSE!

HITTING JAMMER STEEL ON THE JAW ISN'T AS SIMPLE AS THAT, NED

HOW WELL I KNOW THAT!

JUST FORGET ABOUT THE LAST TIME YOU FOUGHT HIM - IT WAS ONLY AN EXHIBITION

HE KNOCKED ME STIFF WITH ONE PUNCH!

I JUST HOPE HE TRIES AGAIN THAT RUNNING ACROSS THE RING AT YOU LIKE A TRACK MAN!

SEE WHO THAT IS COMING UP THE STAIRS, ONE OF YOU - DON'T THEY KNOW THIS IS A PRIVATE WORKOUT?

JAKE THE TRAINER

I'LL GO, JAKE

WHY - IT'S JAMMER STEEL, THE CHAMPION!

JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW MY DELICATE OPPONENT TRAINS - DOES HE BLOW SOAP BUBBLES TO STRENGTHEN HIS LUNGS?

TAKE IT EASY, NED - SAVE THAT FOR NEXT WEEK!

I THINK HIS EYEBROWS NEED PLUCKING - AND YOU MIGHT POWDER HIS NOSE!

AND WHILE YOU'RE DOING THAT WE'LL POWDER YOUR SKULL - UNLESS YOU FEEL LIKE LEAVING!

OH, GOT YOUR GANG WITH YOU, EH BRANT?

WELL, YOU CAN'T TAKE THEM IN THE RING WITH YOU NEXT WEEK!

NO, AND I DON'T THINK I'LL NEED THEM EITHER!

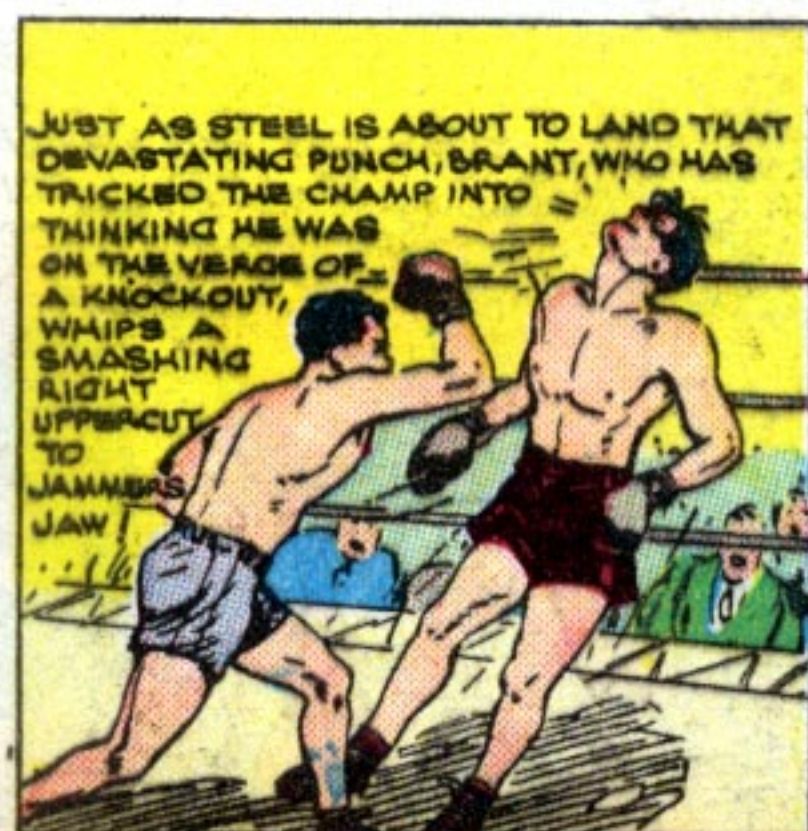
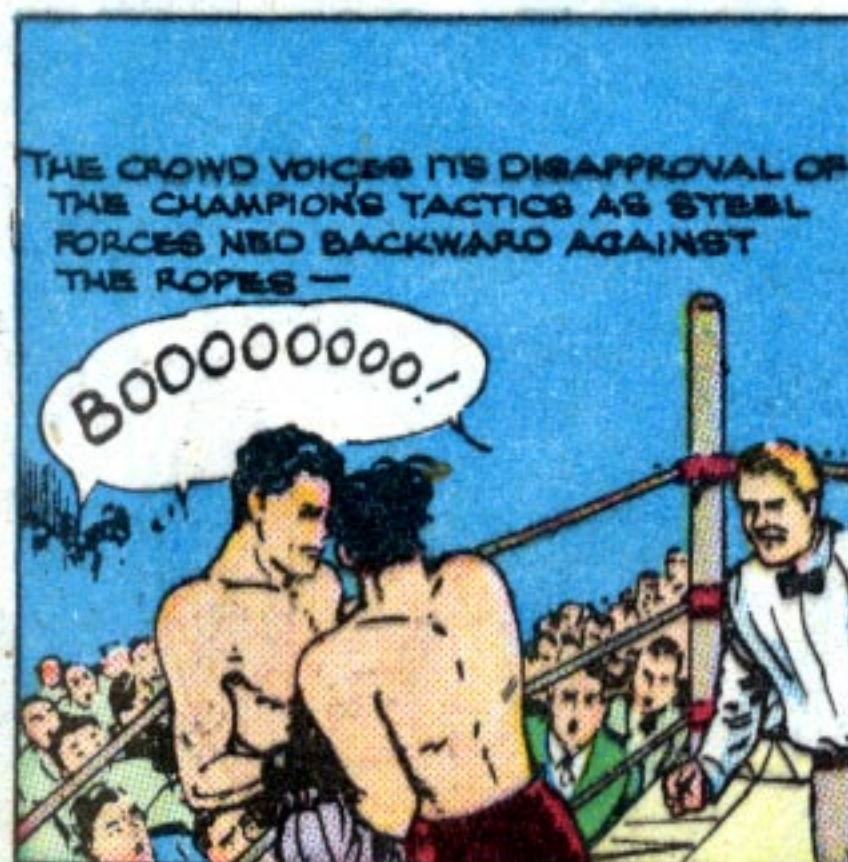
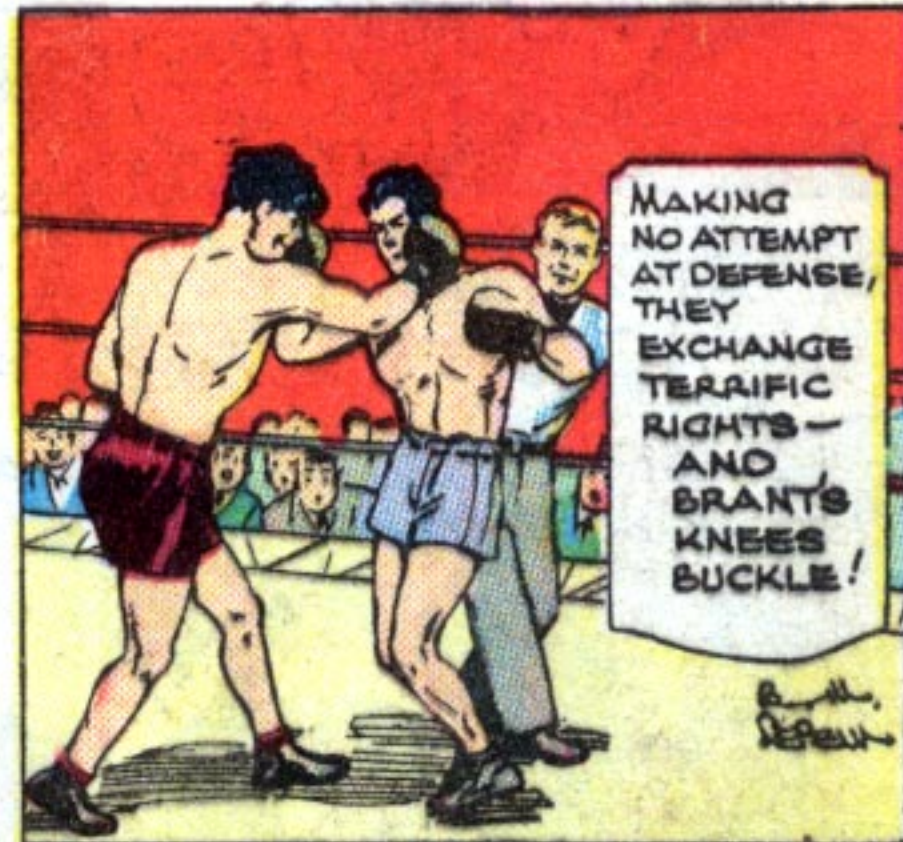
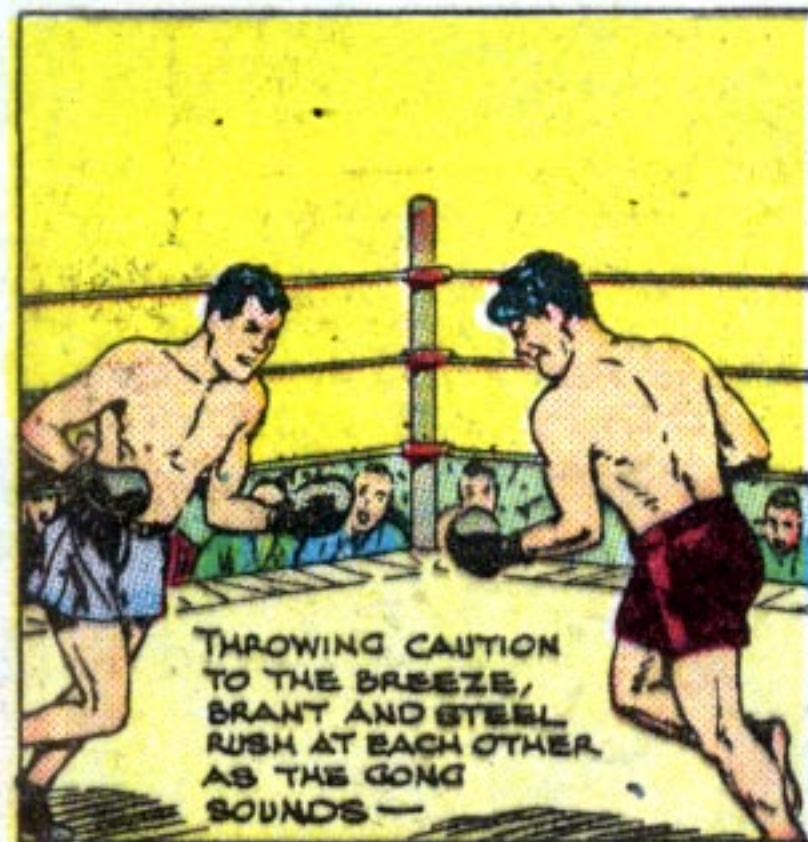
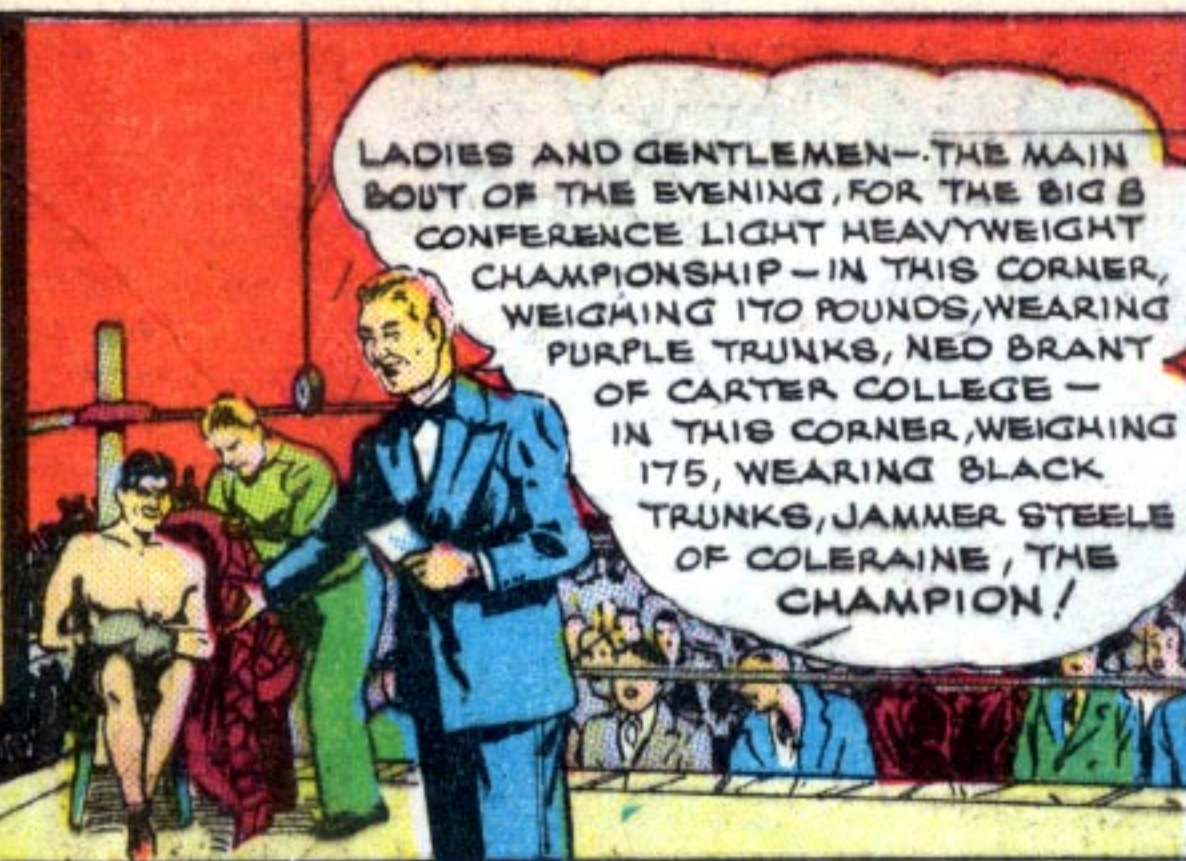
B. W. DEPEW



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



Ned Brant is continued next month in CRACK COMICS.



# MOLLY the MODEL



YES—THIS IS MALONEY—  
YOU MEAN I GET  
THE JOB?  
**WOW!**—I MEAN THANK  
YOU, SIR!—YES, I'LL  
BE RIGHT OVER!



MOLLY! REMEMBER THAT "AD"  
I ANSWERED ENCLOSING  
MY PHOTOGRAPH—WELL,  
I WON OVER A HUNDRED  
APPLICANTS!

REALLY?



HADN'T YOU  
BETTER WEAR  
YOUR TOP HAT  
AND STRIPED  
PANTS?



**NO!**—MY JOB  
IS TO ASSIST  
A PROFESSOR AT  
A LECTURE—  
SO I'LL DRESS  
LIKE A  
PROFESSOR!



PLAIN, LONG, DIGNIFIED  
COAT LIKE EINSTEIN  
AN' THEM  
BIRDS!

I JUST  
CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
IT!



I'M GOING TO CALL THAT SNOOTY  
MRS. RITZEM WHO'S ALWAYS  
RAZZING POP AND HAVE HER  
COME TO THE LECTURE WITH  
ME!



I'LL CARRY THIS  
ENCYCLOPEDIA—  
MAKES ME LOOK  
MORE LIKE A  
PROFESSOR!



**YOUR FATHER** ASSISTING A  
PROFESSOR LECTURE—I  
WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR  
A MILLION!



AH—HERE WE ARE—  
HALL OF BIOLOGY—  
WHATEVER THE HECK  
THAT MEANS—NOW  
TO MEET MY  
COLLEAGUE!



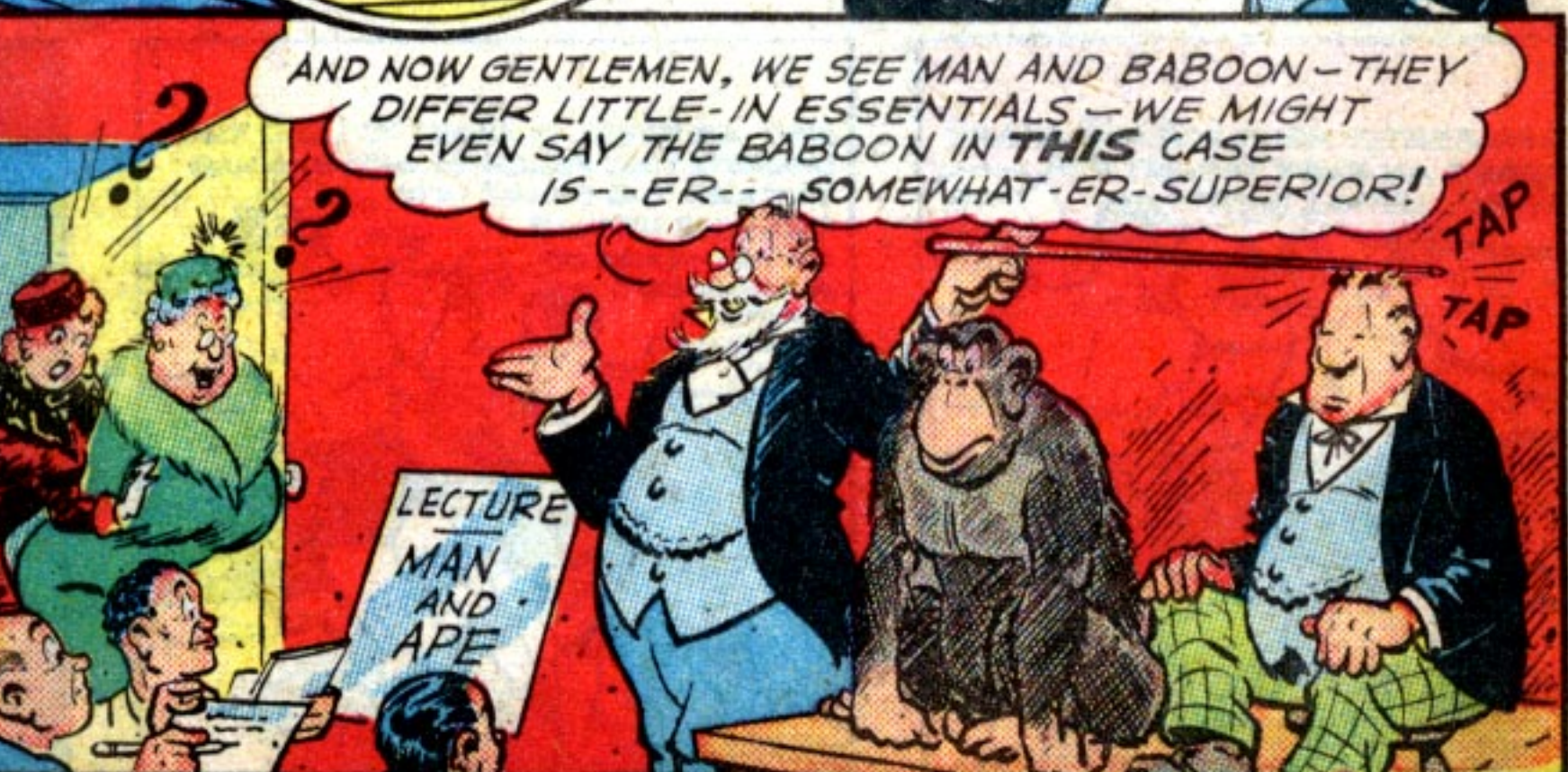
PROFESSOR  
MC TEAPOT?  
MY NAME IS  
MALONEY,  
ALOYSIUS P.  
MALONEY!



OH! SO YOU'RE  
MALONEY?  
YES, YOU'RE  
THE TYPE—  
STEP INSIDE,  
PLEASE



HMHP!—YOUR FATHER MUST  
HAVE GOTTEN IN HERE  
THE SAME WAY THEY  
GET THOSE SHIP  
MODELS INTO  
BOTTLES!



AND NOW GENTLEMEN, WE SEE MAN AND BABOON—THEY  
DIFFER LITTLE—IN ESSENTIALS—WE MIGHT  
EVEN SAY THE BABOON IN **THIS** CASE  
IS—ER—SOMEWHAT—ER—SUPERIOR!

LECTURE  
MAN  
AND  
APE

TAP  
TAP

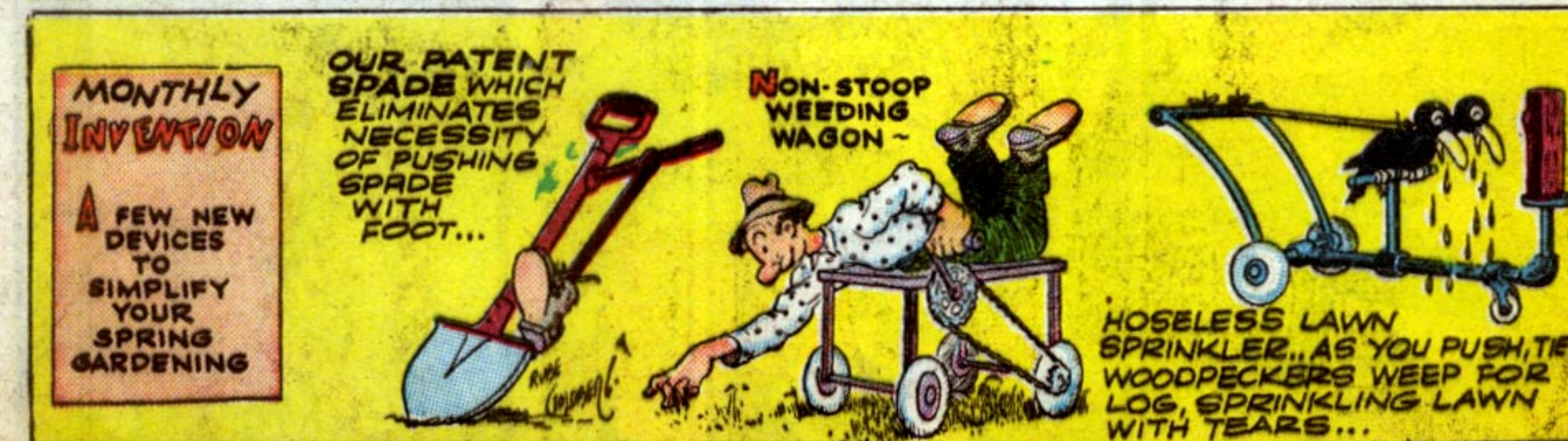
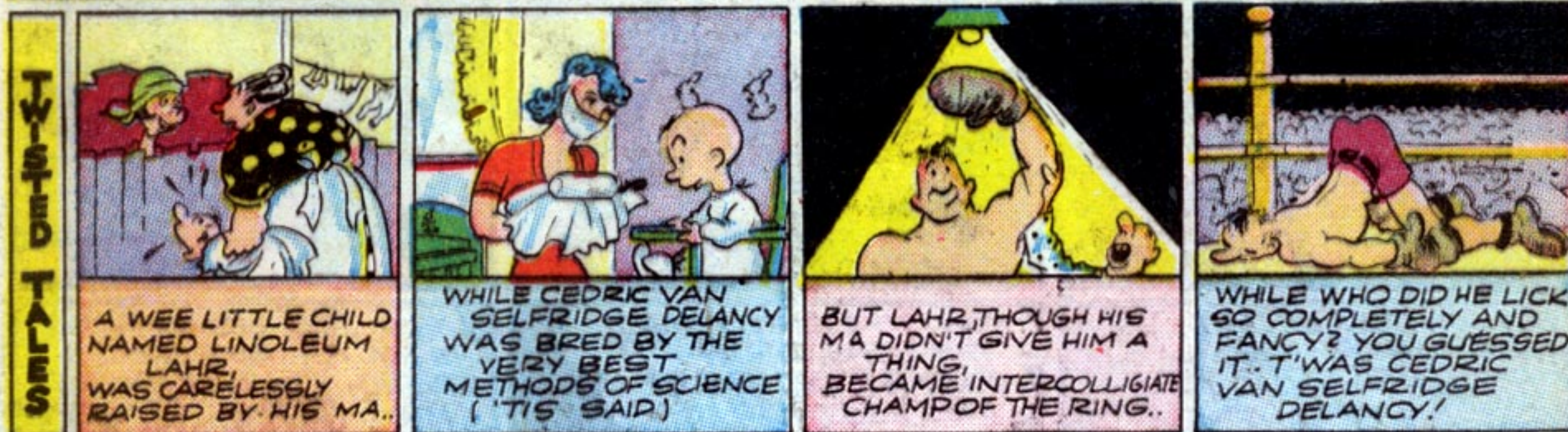


# MOLLY the MODEL



Molly The Model is a riot of fun in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.





Buy CRACK COMICS each month from your regular newsdealer.



MADAM

# FATAL

by Art Dinkley



ON A VACANT LOT...

BOY-O-BOY! WAIT'LL MR. STANTON AND DETECTIVE DUFFY SEE OUR NEW SIGN—HERE THEY COME NOW!

TO FIGHT CRIME SCRAPPY NELSON AND TUBBY WHITE HAVE OPENED UP THE SURE-FIRE DETECTIVE AGENCY, AND HAVE SWORN TO PROTECT MADAM FATAL FROM ANY HARM.... BUT DO THEY SUSPECT THAT "SHE" IS NONE OTHER THAN THEIR OLD FRIEND RICHARD STANTON, FORMER ACTOR.....

SURE-FIRE DETECTIVE AGENCY

OFFICE

HA HA!! IF YOU BOYS COME NEAR A SPY I'D EAT MY HAT.... HO HO!

CAN'T TELL, DUFFY!

SPIES AND SABOTAGE A SPECIALTY

HECK! THAT GUY MAKES ME MAD—WE'LL SHOW 'IM—! (I HOPE)

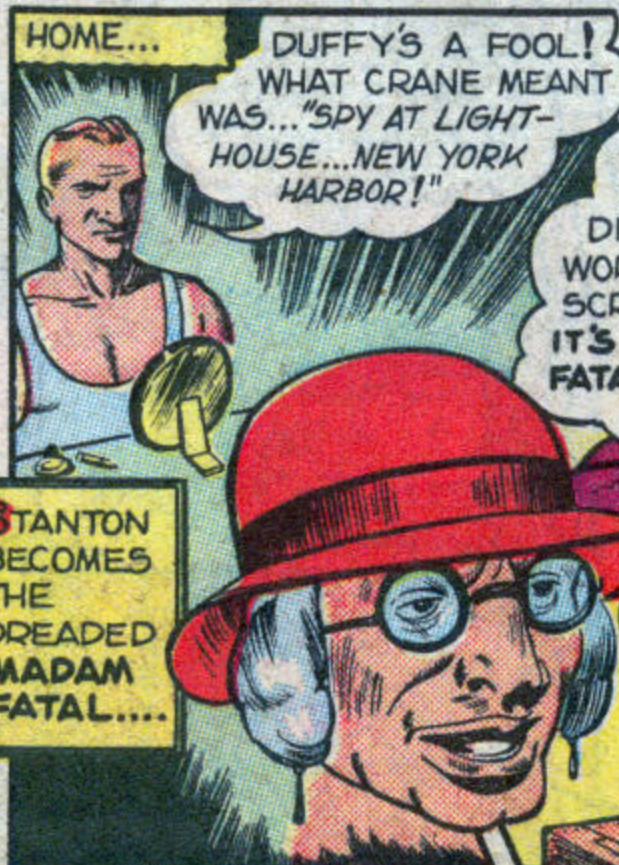
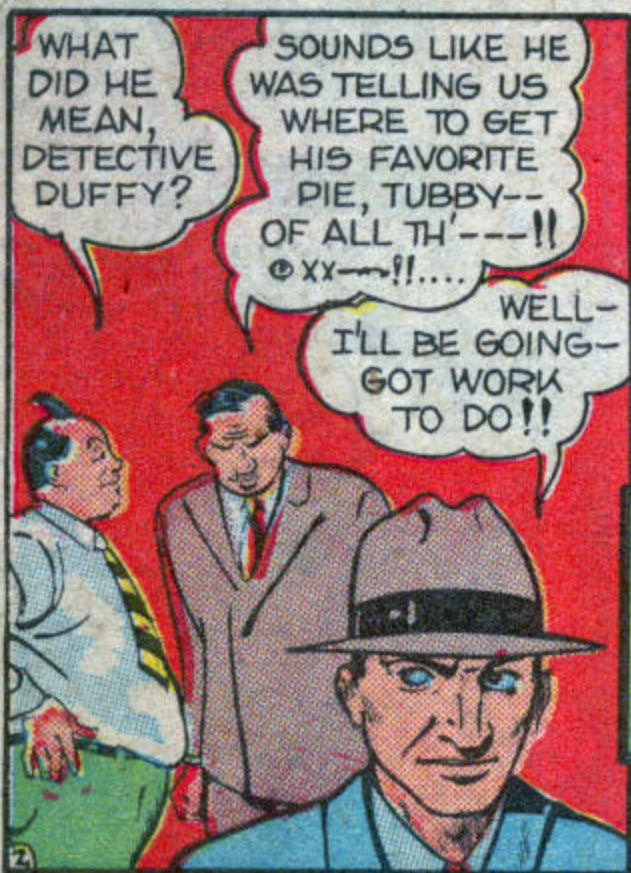
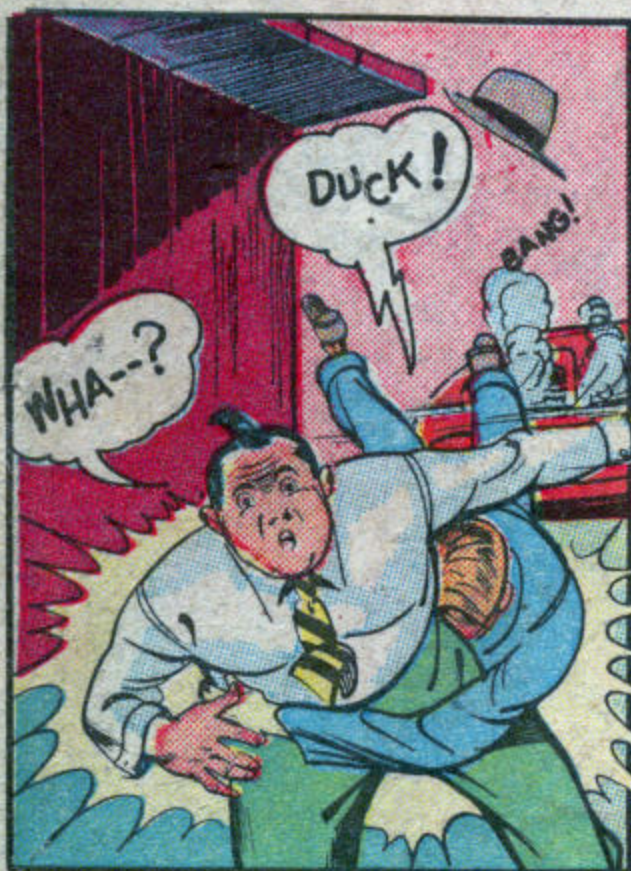
HEY! LOOK—

NOW CALM DOWN, TUBBY!



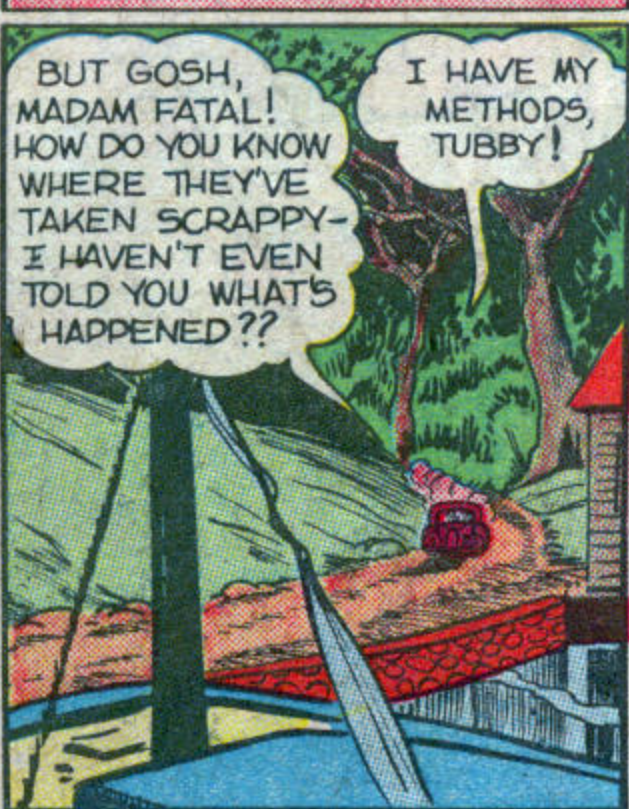


DOWN THE STREET COME TWO  
CARS RACING MADLY....





THEY SPEED ALONG THE WATERFRONT.



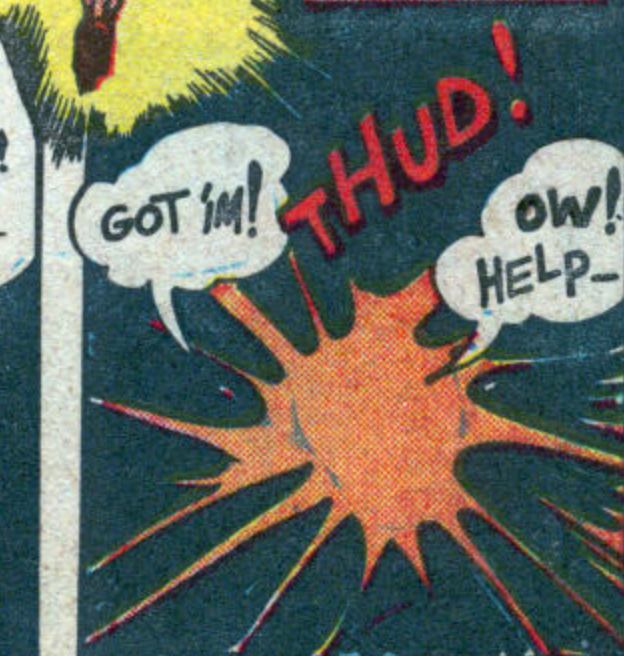
AS TUBBY REACHES THE DOOR...



ON THE DARK DEPTHS OF THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE



AS THE FIGURE COMES NEARER, TUBBY LEAPS AT IT....







TUBBY! IS MADAM FATAL WITH YA, HUH??

SCRAPPY! GOSH- ARE YA ALL RIGHT?? THE THUGS HAVE GOT HER! NOW THAT YOU'RE SAFE WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HER!



HOW DID YOU GET AWAY? WHAT ARE THESE MEN UP TO? WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

HEY! ONE AT A TIME! I GAVE THEM TH' SLIP - THEY GOT A RADIO UPSTAIRS AND SEND OUT MESSAGES!!..... LOOK-SEE THAT GUY-WHEN I GIVE TH' PASSWORD---



ALLEY-GE-ZOOP!



THEY OPEN THE CELL DOOR.....

IT'S TH' OLD KEEPER- HE'S WOUNDED!

AYE, LADS! THEY SHOT ME AND THREW ME IN HERE FER DEAD-BUT I FOOLED 'EM-IT WUZ ONLY A HEAD WOUND!



THEIR LEADER IS A SPY-HE'S SENDING RADIO MESSAGES TO GERMANY WHENEVER A BRITISH SHIP LEAVES THE HARBOR!

AND THEY THINK YOU'RE DEAD-WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



LATER -UP IN THE TOWER.....

THIS OLD HAG WAS TRYING TO GET IN HERE, BOSS!

WELL-GET RID OF HER!



FOOLS! I HAVE MORE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO- THREE SHIPS HAVE JUST LEFT TO JOIN A CONVOY.... OUR GOVERNMENT IS WAITING TO HEAR FROM US- HEH-HEH!



SUDDENLY IN THE DOORWAY...

EEEEOWWW! BOSS-LOOK- THE GHOST OF THE OLD KEEPER- IT'S GOT NO BODY!



I'M GETTIN' OUT O' HERE! HELP!

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE CROAKED 'IM...HE'S COME BACK FER US!



AS THEY PASS THE DOOR.....



BY JEEPERS!! I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE DEWEY TOOK MANILA--HEH-HEH!



BUT THE SPY IS NOT FOOLED...



SUDDENLY DETECTIVE DUFFY AND HIS MEN BURST INTO THE ROOM...



More of Madam Fatal in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.



# DON Q

by VERNON  
HENKEL



**W**HERE PEACE  
TREATIES AND FRIENDLY  
MISSIONS FAIL, YOU WILL  
FIND THE GLOBE TROTTER  
ADVENTURER AND  
INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMAT,  
DON Q... AND WHERE-  
EVER HE IS THERE IS  
DANGER!!

A TRAIN CLATTERS THROUGH THE KHYBER  
PASS, GATEWAY TO INDIA FROM THE WILDS  
OF AFGHANISTAN...





ON THE TRAIN SIR CEDRIC BEDFORD  
LEANS CLOSE TO HIS FRIEND DON Q

I'M TELLING YOU AS AN  
HONEST MAN I'LL FEEL  
A GREAT DEAL SAFER  
WHEN I DELIVER THE  
RED STONE TO THE  
RAJAH OF JALNPUR!!

THEY SAY THE  
GREAT RUBY HAS  
AN EXCITING  
STORY.. TELL  
ME ABOUT  
IT, SIR  
CEDRIC!!

AYE, DON, THERE  
IS A TALE ABOUT  
THIS STONE THAT  
MAKES THE HEART  
BEAT FAST.. A  
TALE OF BLOOD!!

IT WAS THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE YEAR  
OF THE FIRE TIGER WHEN KUBLAI KHAN,  
LORD OF THE EARTH, SENT A MESSENGER  
TO FAR OFF JUANPUR TO GET THE  
MOST PRECIOUS THING IN THE WORLD...

..A GIFT OF THE GREAT ANCESTOR  
OF THE RAJAH OF JUANPUR... THE  
GREAT STONE...

LONG LIFE! O'  
GRACIOUS ONE..  
KUBLAI KHAN  
WILL BE  
PLEASED!!

BUT EYES, OTHER THAN THE MES-  
SENGERS FALL ON THE RUBY.. TEBET,  
THE TARTAR PRINCE GLARES..

FAITH! MAY A THOUSAND  
HORSES TRAMPLE ME IF  
I HAVE EVER SEEN A  
TREASURE MORE BEAUTIFUL!  
..THE RED STONE MUST  
NEVER REACH KUBLAI KHAN!

THE EVIL TEBET KNEW HE COULD NOT  
STEAL THE RUBY AS LONG AS IT  
REMAINED IN THE RAJAH'S REALM,  
SO HE SENT FOR HIS MOST BEAUTIFUL  
SLAVE GIRL...

AIJURAC, YOU  
MUST MAKE LOVE  
TO THE MESSENGER  
OF THE KHAN!

AND SO THE UNWARY MESSENGER  
BECAME THE VICTIM OF AIJURAC'S  
ATTENTIONS.. THEY WERE SEEN  
TOGETHER MANY TIMES.. FINALLY...

O' HERALD FROM  
THE FAR KINGDOM  
OF CATHAY, TAKE  
ME WITH YOU TO  
THE WONDROUS LANDS  
YOU TELL OF!

AIJURAC,  
TONIGHT I  
DEPART!  
MEET ME  
AT THE  
POSTERN  
GATE!

THE JOURNEY WILL BE  
LONG AND HARD.. OVER  
THE LONG ROAD OF TARTARY  
..ACROSS THE SNOWBOUND  
ROOF OF THE WORLD.. AND  
THROUGH THE SINGING SANDS  
OF THE GOBI... BUT  
YOU WILL BE WITH ME!

..BUT THE SLAVE GIRL HAD OTHER  
PLANS AND ONE NIGHT WHEN THEY  
CAMPED IN THE KHASI HILLS SHE  
STEALTHILY APPROACHED HER LOVER,  
A DAGGER GLEAMING IN HER HAND...

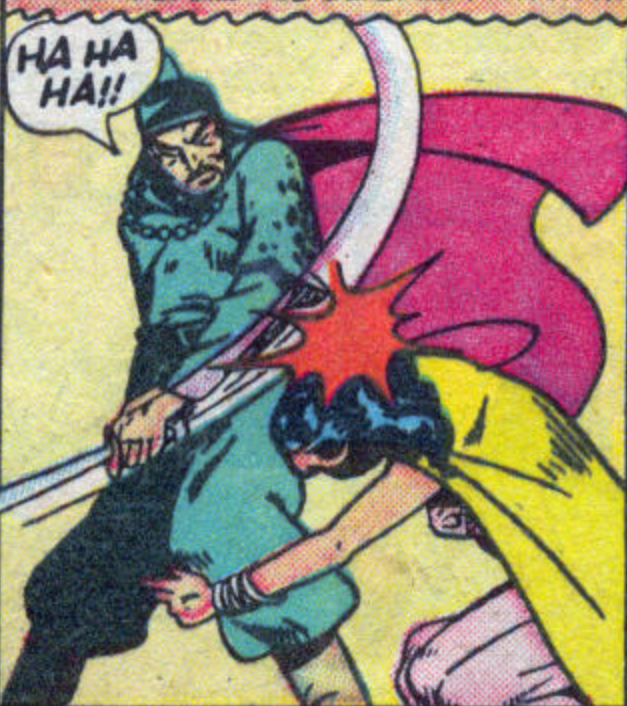
HE IS ASLEEP..  
ONE THRUST AND  
HE WILL BE PART-  
ED FOREVER  
FROM THE GREAT  
RUBY!!



.. AND SO THE MESSENGER DIED  
AND THE GREAT RUBY NEVER REACHED  
KUBLAI KHAN....



THE SLAVE-GIRL BROUGHT THE JEWEL  
TO TEBET WHO REWARDED HER WITH  
INSTANT DEATH BY THE SWORD, TO  
SAFE-GUARD HIS SECRET.....



TEBET POSSESSED THE RUBY  
UNTIL HE WAS KILLED IN A  
TARTAR RAID,... THEN FOR A  
THOUSAND YEARS IT WAS LOST  
IN OBSCURITY UNTIL IT WAS  
RE-DISCOVERED BY A BRITISH  
EXPEDITION LAST YEAR!!



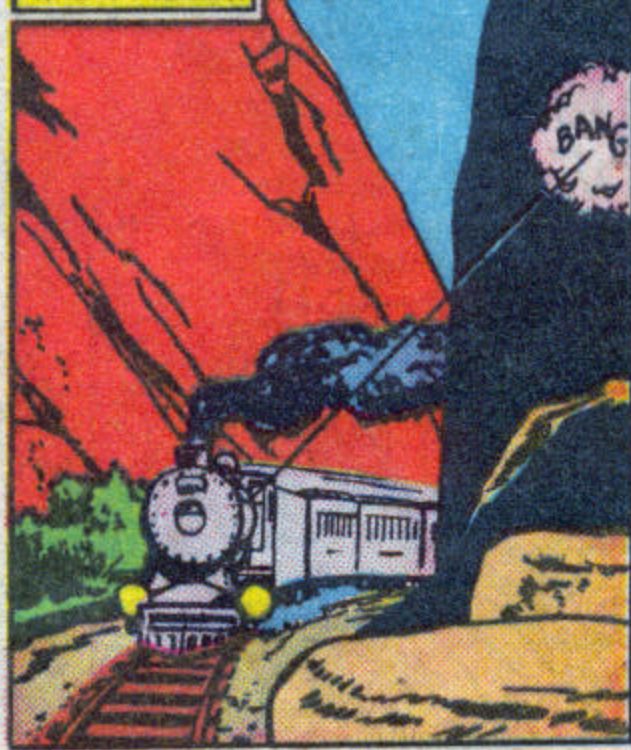
NOW, AT LAST, IT IS  
BEING RETURNED TO ITS  
RIGHTFUL OWNER... THIS  
ANCIENT STONE MEANS  
A LOT TO THE PEOPLE  
OF INDIA AND WILL HELP  
THEM KEEP FRIENDLY  
TERMS WITH ENGLAND!



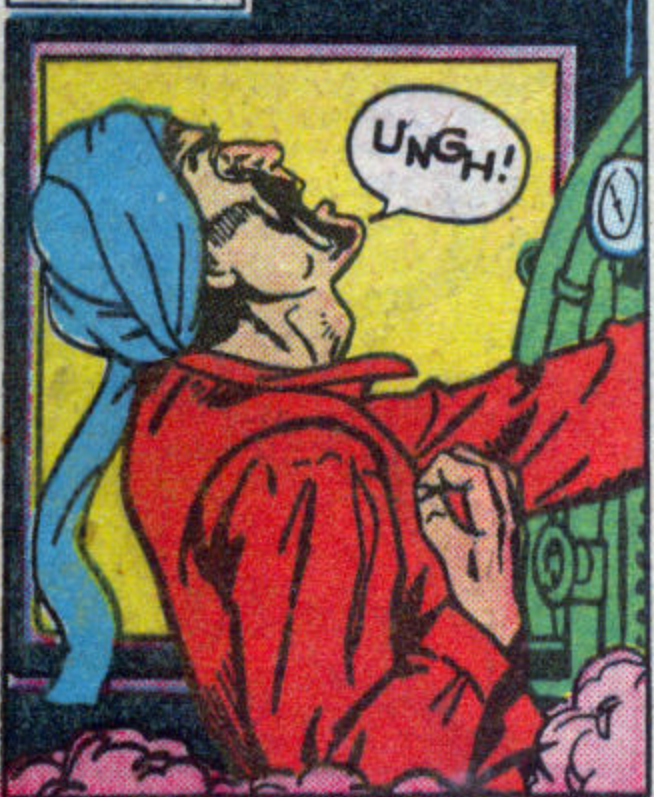
THIS IS IT... A  
FLAWLESS GEM... IT'S  
VALUE IS SO GREAT  
THAT A PRICE FOR  
IT IN MONEY COULD  
HARDLY BE NAMED!



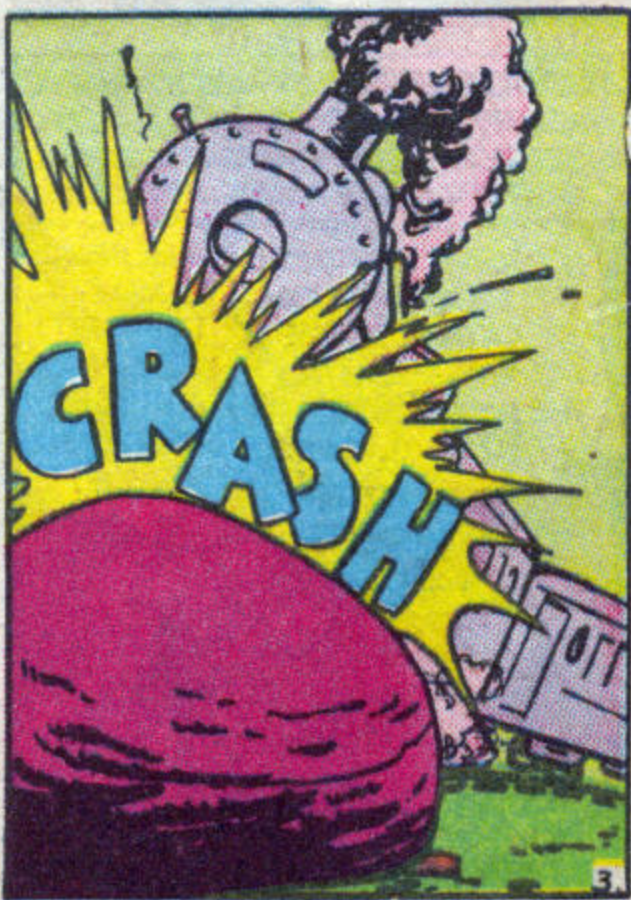
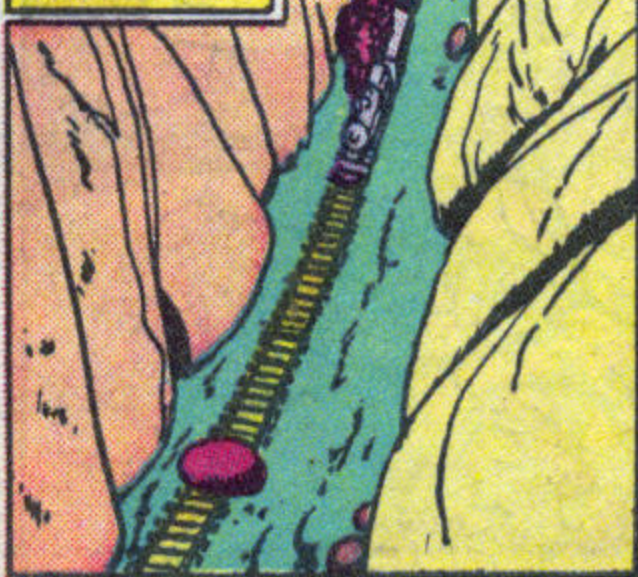
AS THE TRAIN ROUNDS A CURVE,  
A RIFLE SHOT ECHOES THROUGH  
THE PASS...



.. AND THE ENGINEER TOPPLES FROM  
HIS CAB !!



DRIVERLESS,  
THE TRAIN  
THUNDERS  
TOWARD A  
HUGE BOULDER  
IN THE MIDDLE  
OF THE  
TRACK...









AN INSTANT LATER, DON Q EMERGES IN NATIVE COSTUME..

THIS DISGUISE SHOULD GET ME PAST THOSE SENTRIES!!

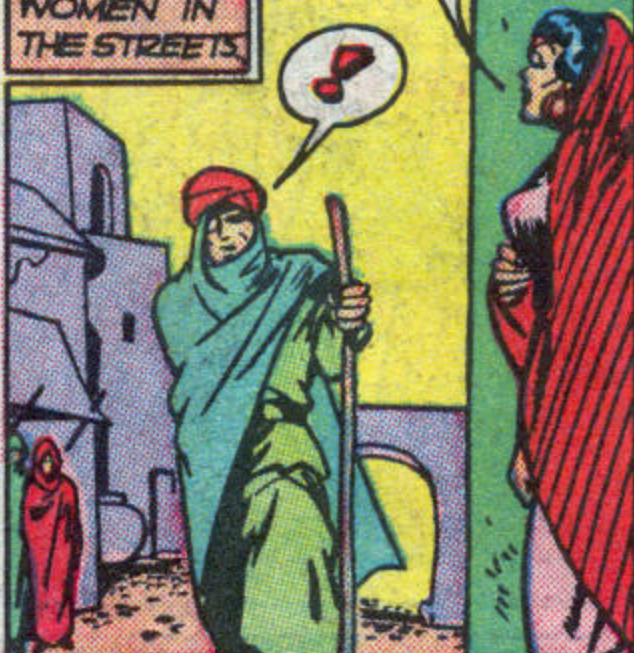


WHAT'S THIS? A VILLAGE BELOW.. MAYBE I CAN GET PASSAGE TO JAUNPUR!!



AS DON Q ENTERS THE VILLAGE HE IS STARTLED TO FIND ONLY WOMEN IN THE STREETS.

HOW GOES THE RAID IN THE MOUNTAIN PASS O' WARRIOR?



GREAT GUNS! I'VE STUMBLED ONTO THE VILLAGE OF THOSE CUT-THROATS WHO WRECKED THE TRAIN AND ARE AFTER THE RUBY!!



...ER THE ATTACK IS SUCCESSFUL GIRL, BUT I MUST RIDE IN HASTE.. WHERE CAN I OBTAIN A HORSE?

PARTAKE OF WINE WHILE I BRING YOUR MOUNT, O' MASTER!!



I COULD USE A DRINK RIGHT NOW.. I HOPE I CAN GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY RETURN!!



THAT WINE.. HAD A FUNNY TASTE.. IT'S MAKING ME DIZZY... MUST'VE BEEN DRUGGED.. I... UHHH

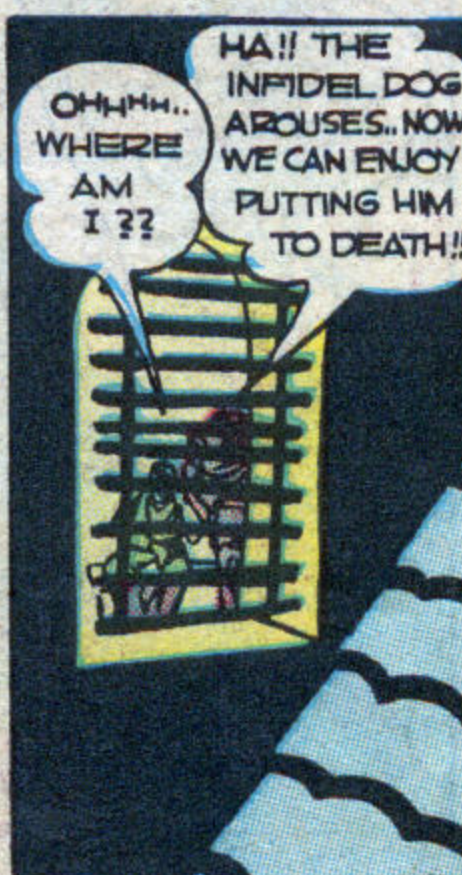


SEVERAL HOURS

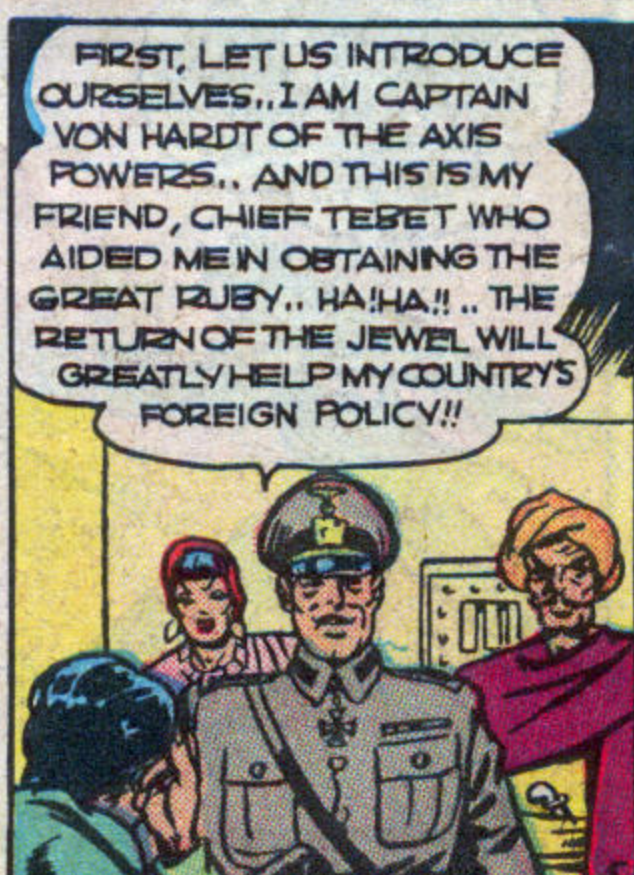
LATER

OHhhh.. WHERE AM I??

HA!! THE INFIDEL DOG AROUSES.. NOW WE CAN ENJOY PUTTING HIM TO DEATH!!

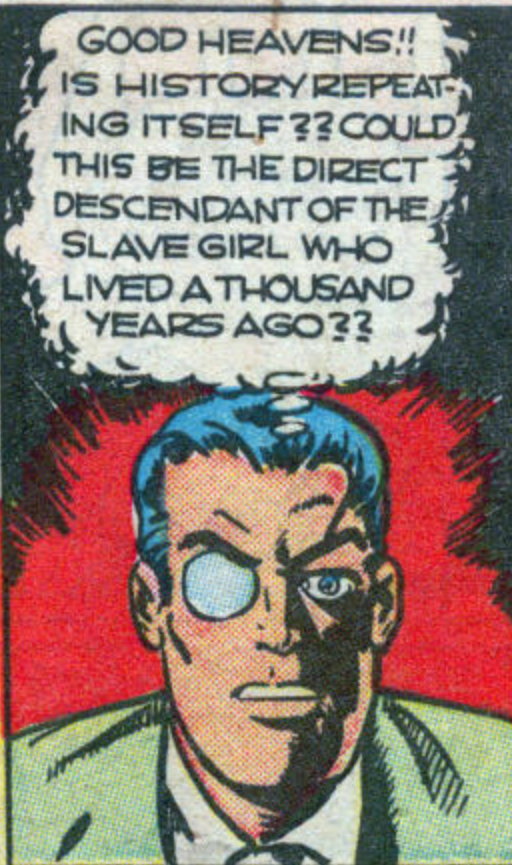


FIRST, LET US INTRODUCE OURSELVES.. I AM CAPTAIN VON HARDT OF THE AXIS POWERS.. AND THIS IS MY FRIEND, CHIEF TEBET WHO AIDED ME IN OBTAINING THE GREAT RUBY.. HA!HA!!.. THE RETURN OF THE JEWEL WILL GREATLY HELP MY COUNTRY'S FOREIGN POLICY!!





FOR A MOMENT DON Q'S MIND RACES BACK TO SIR CEDRIC'S TALE OF AJURAC AND THE TARTAR CHIEF, TEBET...



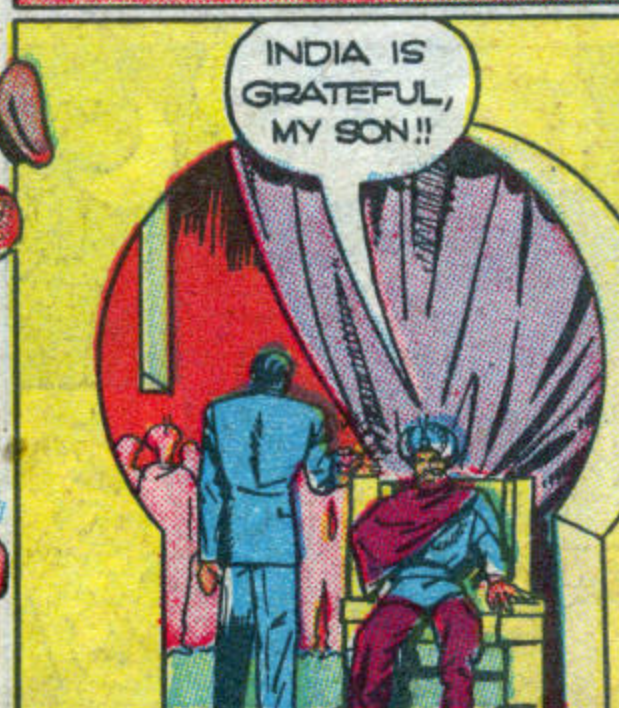
AS THE RUBY IS REVEALED IN FULL LIGHT SOMETHING STRANGE COMES OVER AJURAC.. UNCONTROLLABLE!



RECOVERING HIS SENSES VON HARDT SHOTS THE BERSERK AJURAC BUT DON Q SEIZES THIS OPPORTUNITY...



A WEEK LATER DON Q PRESENTS THE GREAT RUBY TO THE RAJAH OF JAUNPUR, IN A GESTURE OF GOOD WILL FOR THE ENGLISH....





# SNAPPY

by  
ARTHUR  
BEEHALL

AW--AND  
I WAS JUST  
BEGINNING TO  
ENJOY MYSELF!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?  
DON'T YOU LIKE  
TO EAT FOOD  
ANYMORE?

SURE, BUT  
EVERY MEAL  
IS JUST MORE  
VEGETABLES!

THEY'RE GOOD  
FOR YOU - GIVE  
YOU VITAMINS,  
ENERGY-

MAYBE SO, BUT IT SEEMS  
THIS OL' WORLD HAS EXISTED  
FOR AGES WITHOUT PEOPLE  
WORRYIN' ABOUT  
MANY PROTEINS  
THEY EAT  
EVERY DAY!

OOOPS! UH--  
HULLO,  
"KILLER"

SHUT UP-AND GIVE  
ME TEN CENTS  
SO'S I CAN GO  
TO THE  
SHOW!

I HAVEN'T GOT ANY  
MONEY! BY THE  
WAY- WHAT DO YA  
USUALLY EAT  
NIGHTS  
?

HOT DOGS  
OF COURSE! I  
THINK I'LL SOCK  
YOU FOR NOT  
HAVING  
A DIME

YOU GOOFY  
DUMB  
OX!

NOBODY CALLS ME  
A DUMB OX - NOT EVEN  
YOU, YOU BIG BULLY!

SNAPPY!

WHAT  
IS IT,  
SIS?

NOW HE'S  
GONNA BEAT  
ME UP  
SURE-

GEE WHIZ! DID I  
DO THAT? HE'S  
KNOCKED OUT  
COLD!

HURRY UP, SIS -- BRING ON  
MORE VEGETABLES! I WANT  
EXTRA VITAMINS AND STRENGTH  
-- ESPECIALLY IF  
"KILLER" COMES-TO  
ANY MINUTE!

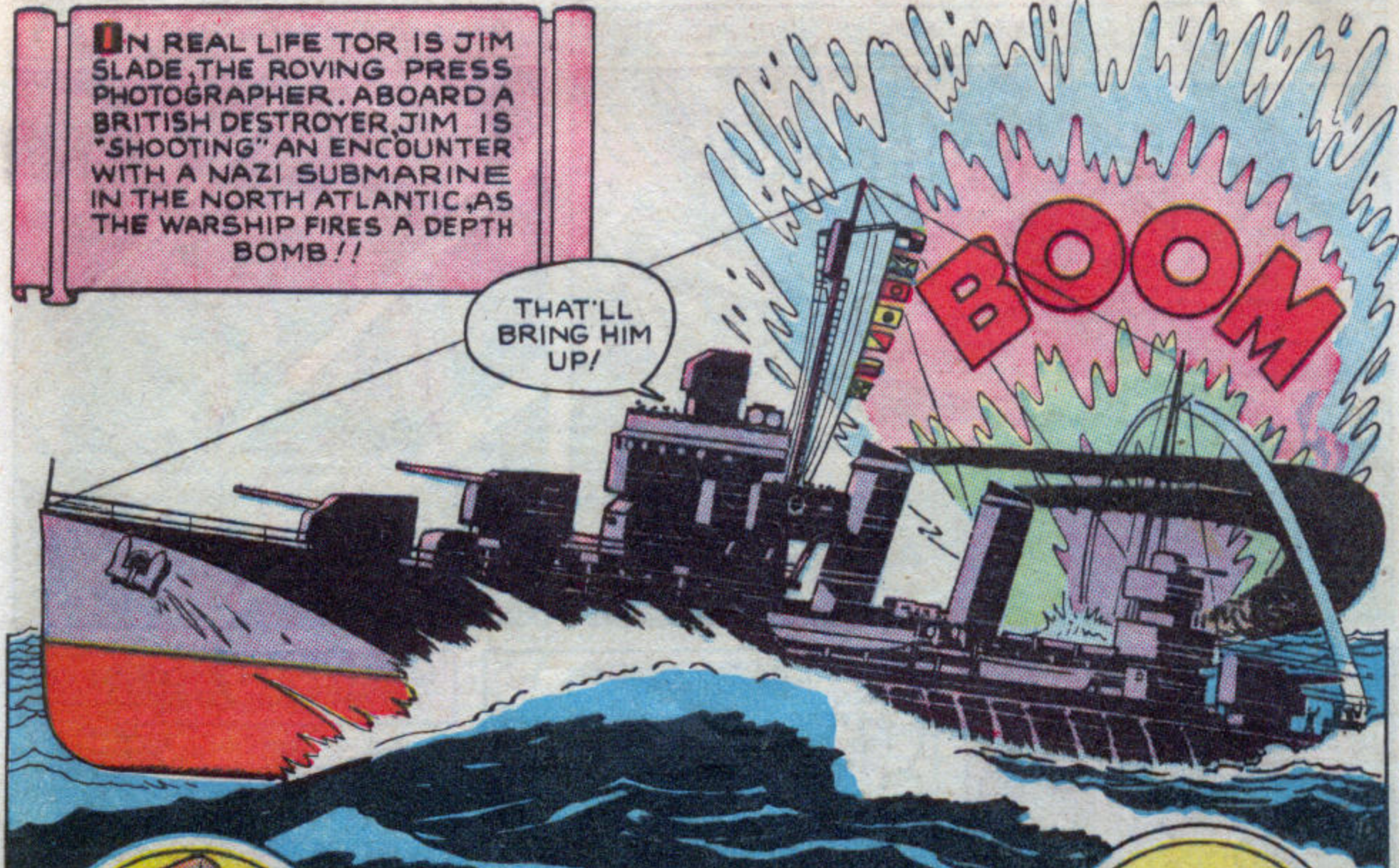
Follow Snappy in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.



**I**N REAL LIFE TOR IS JIM SLADE, THE ROVING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER. ABOARD A BRITISH DESTROYER, JIM IS "SHOOTING" AN ENCOUNTER WITH A NAZI SUBMARINE IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, AS THE WARSHIP FIRES A DEPTH BOMB!!

THAT'LL BRING HIM UP!

**BOOM**



JIM

# TOR

THE MAGIC MASTER

BY FRED GUARDINEER

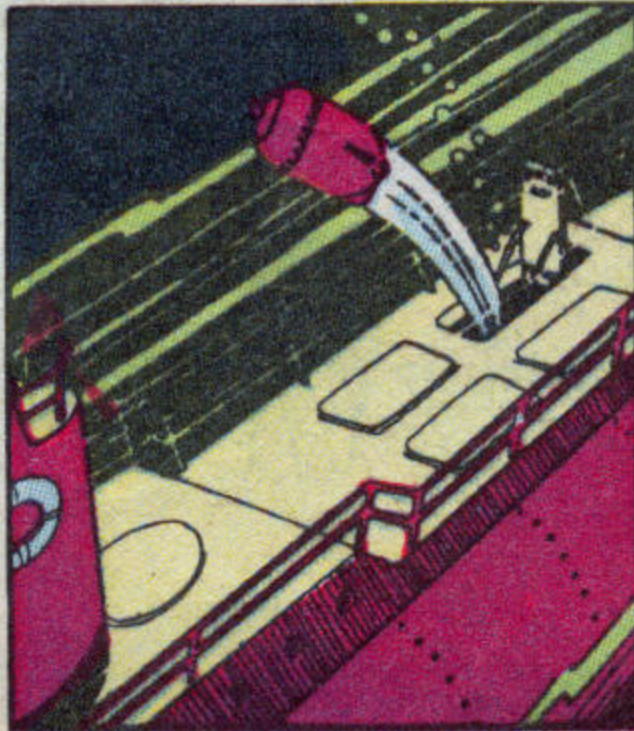


TOR

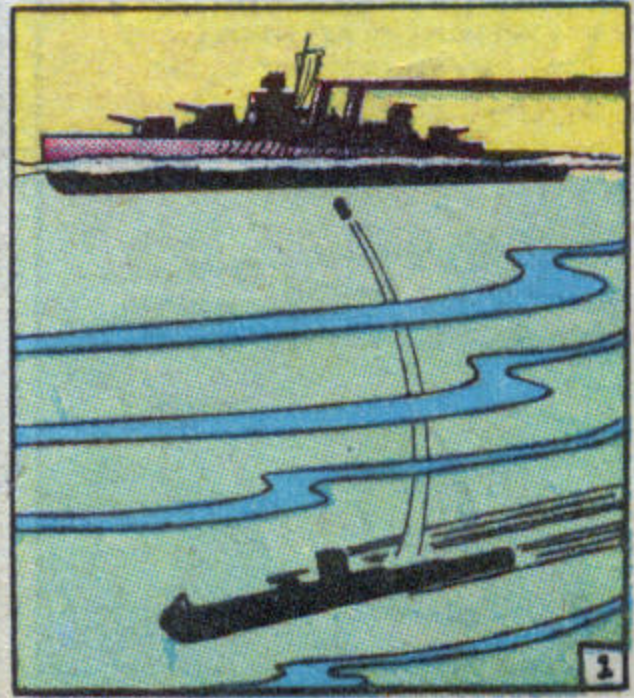
**B**UT UNDERNEATH THE WAVES THE U-BOAT EVADES THE DEADLY DEPTH BOMB!



**F**ROM A SECRET DEVICE ON ITS DECK THE SUBMARINE DISCHARGES A MAGNETIC MINE.



**T**HE MINE RISES RAPIDLY IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DESTROYER'S HULL TO WHICH IT IS DRAWN BY MAGNETIC IMPULSES!

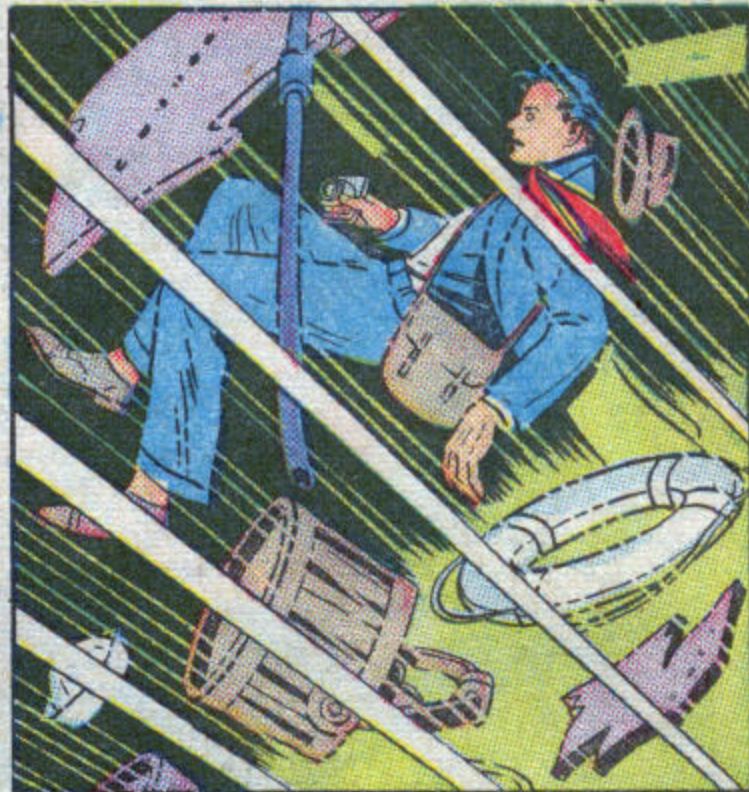




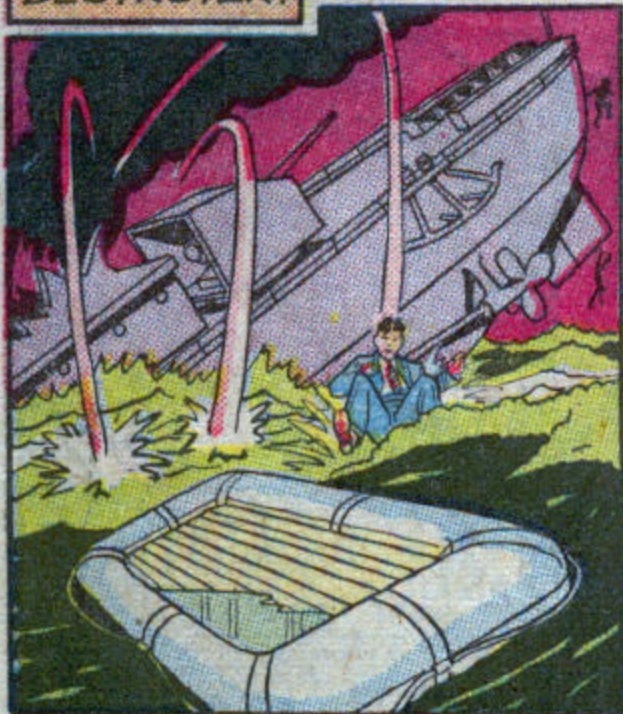
THE DESTROYER SHUDDERS AND THE MINE BLOWS THE WARSHIP IN HALF!



JIM SLADE IS THROWN CLEAR.



HE LANDS IN THE WATER BY A DRIFTING DECK RAFT, ALSO BLOWN OFF THE DESTROYER!



THERE GOES ANOTHER ENGLISH BOAT TO THE BOTTOM - IT'S TIME FOR ME TO PUT ON MY MOUSTACHE AND CAPE!



QUICKLY JIM BECOMES TOR, THE MAGIC MASTER.



NEARBY THE SUBMARINE COMES TO THE SURFACE.



LOOK! OVER ON THAT RAFT - A SURVIVOR DRESSED FORMAL WA, HA, HA!

AS THE U-BOAT COMES CLOSER TOR DISAPPEARS!



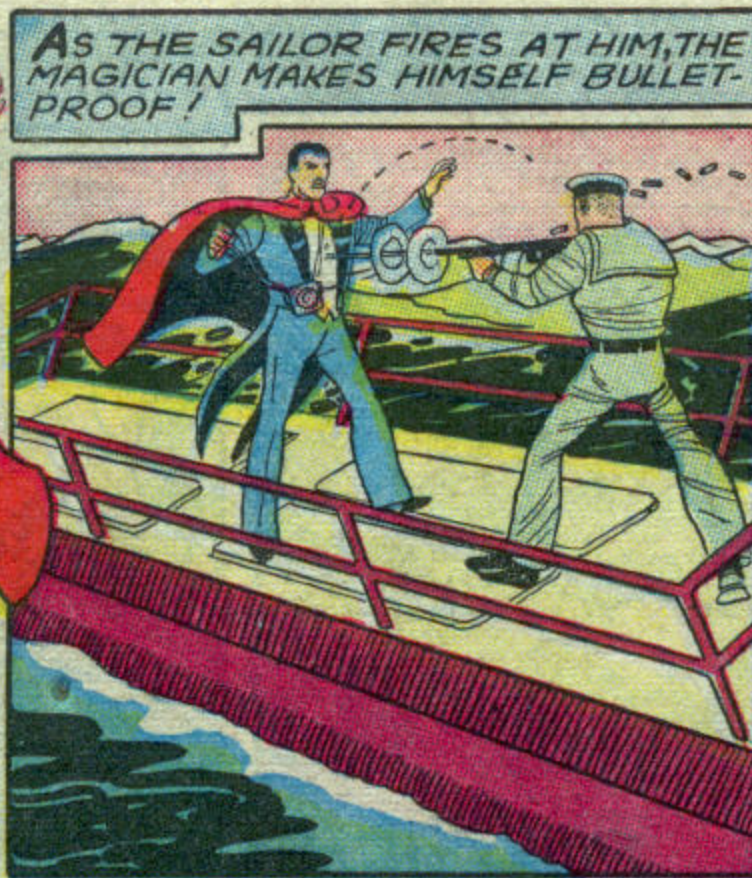
I'M GOING TO HAVE SOME FUN!

TOR NEXT APPEARS ON THE DECK OF THE U-BOAT.

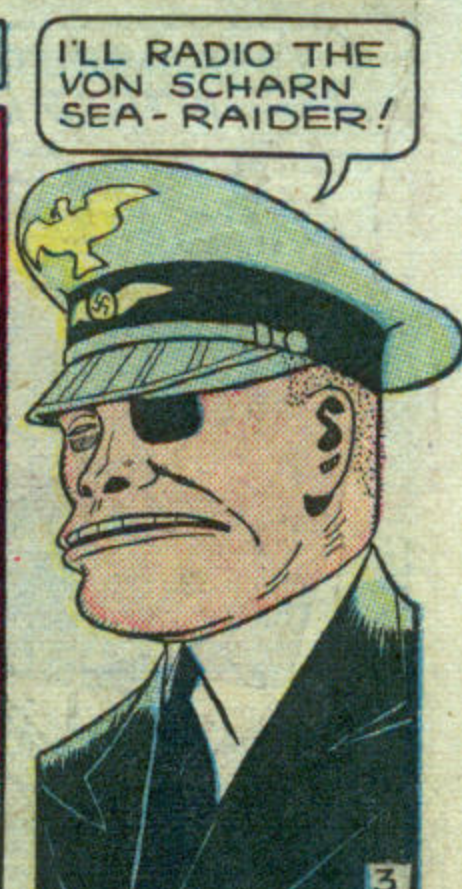
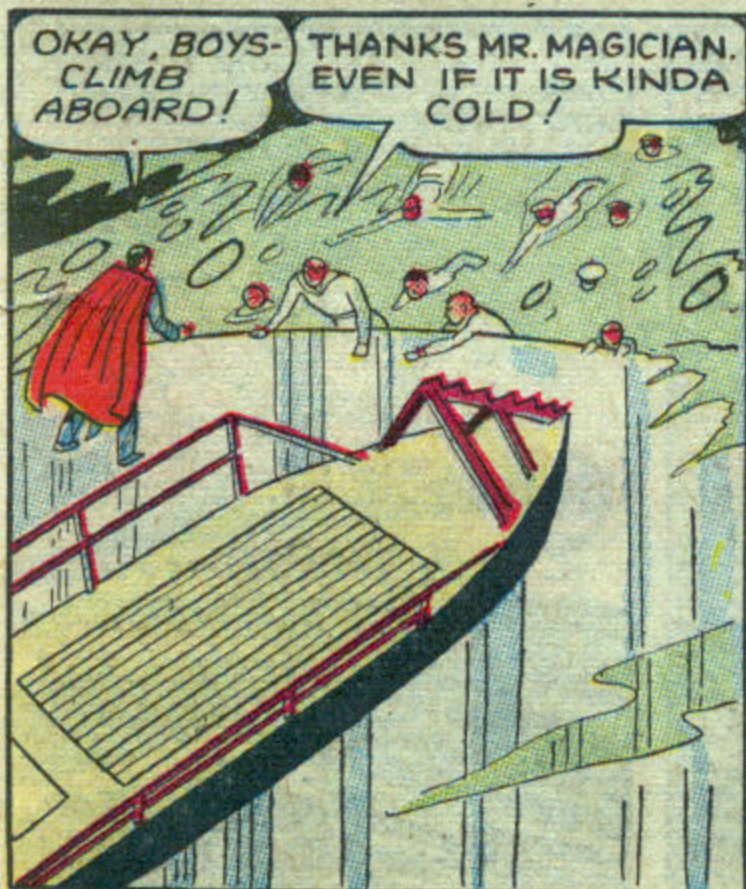


HIMMEL, A GHOST-SHOOT HIM !!





I'VE GOT TO SAVE  
THOSE ENGLISH  
SAILORS-  
**NAECO ZEERF  
TUOBA EHT  
ENIRAMBUS!**





MEANWHILE THE ENGLISH SURVIVORS PRY OPEN THE HATCH!

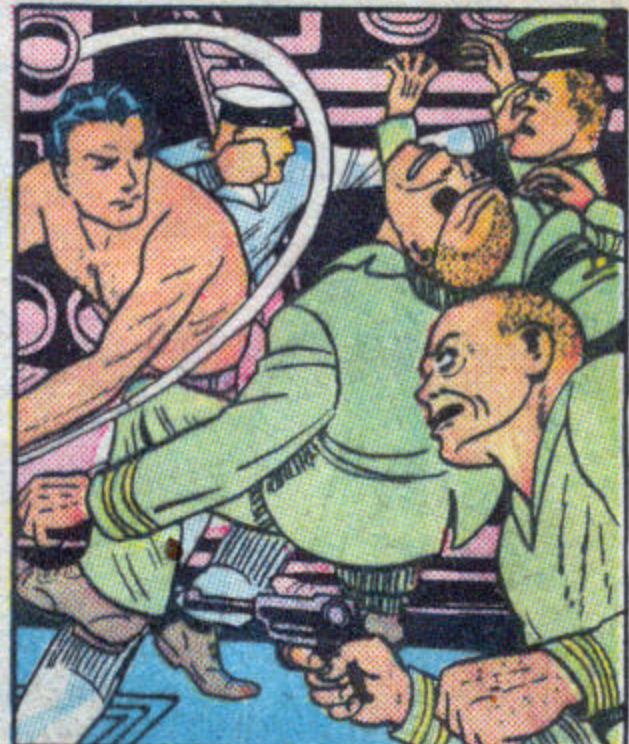
AT LAST-LET'S GO GET 'EM!



DOWN THROUGH THE OPENING DROP SEVERAL STURDY ENGLISHMEN...



WHO TACKLE THE U-BOAT'S CREW HAND TO HAND!!

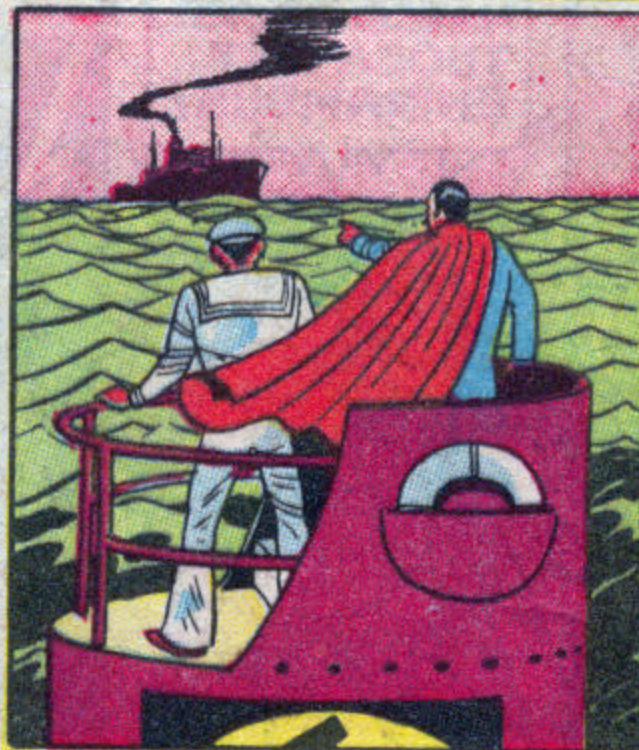


OVERPOWERING THE NAZI CREW, THE BRITISH STEER THE SUBMARINE, ON THE SURFACE, TO ICELAND.

WE'LL ALL GET A CUT OF THE PRIZE MONEY FOR THIS BOAT!



BUT OVER THE HORIZON STEAMS THE SWIFT SEA RAIDER.

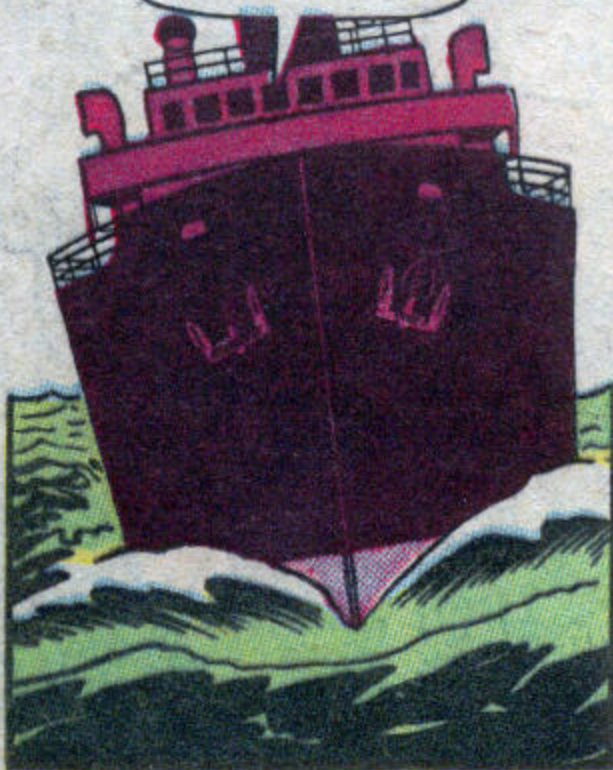


THE NAZIS EASILY DISTINGUISH THE BRITISH UNIFORMS THROUGH POWERFUL BINOCULARS!

WHAT'S THIS?



TURN ABOUT-IT'S A TRAP!



THE VON SCHARN-AFTER THEM! L'EW YLF EKIL NA ENALPRIA!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, TOR!



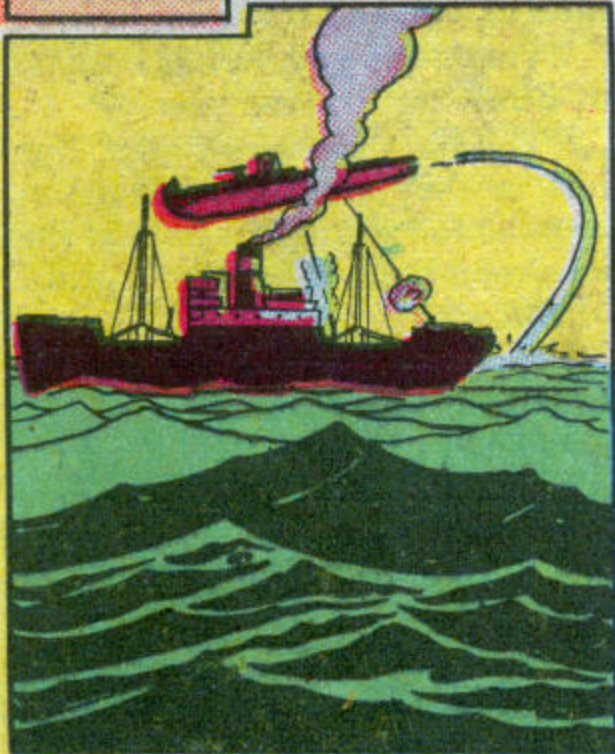
AT TOR'S MAGICAL GESTURE, THE SUB TAKES OFF LIKE AN AIRPLANE!

HANG ON-WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!

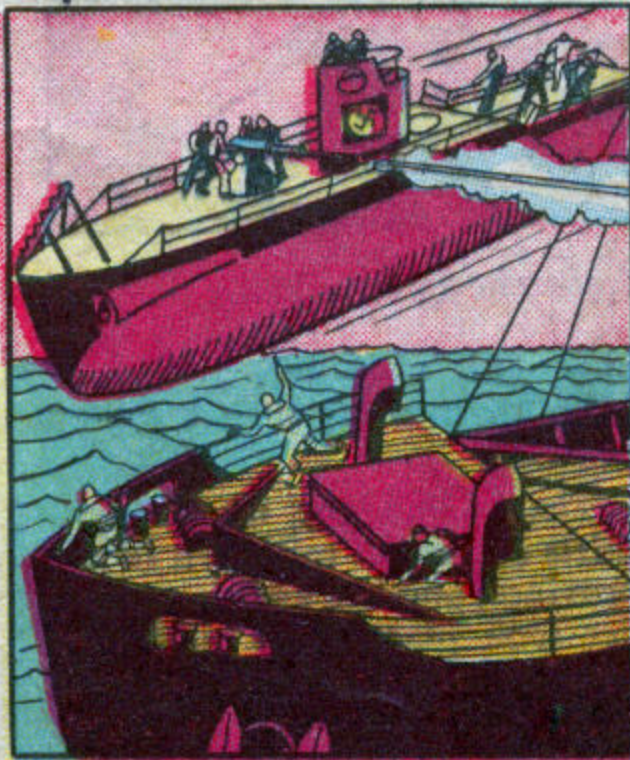




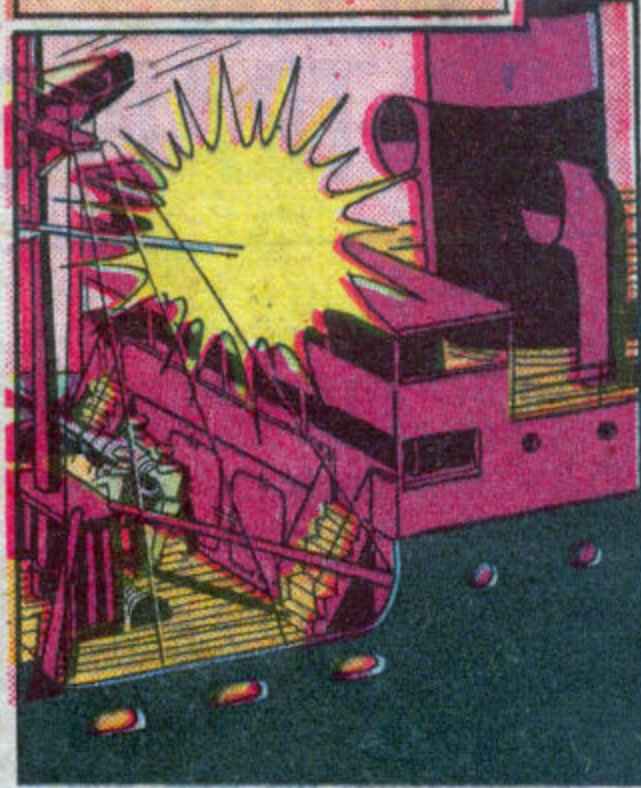
THE FLYING U-BOAT ZOOMS ALONGSIDE THE FLEEING RAIDER.



A WELL PLACED SHOT FROM THE SUBMARINE'S DECK GUN.



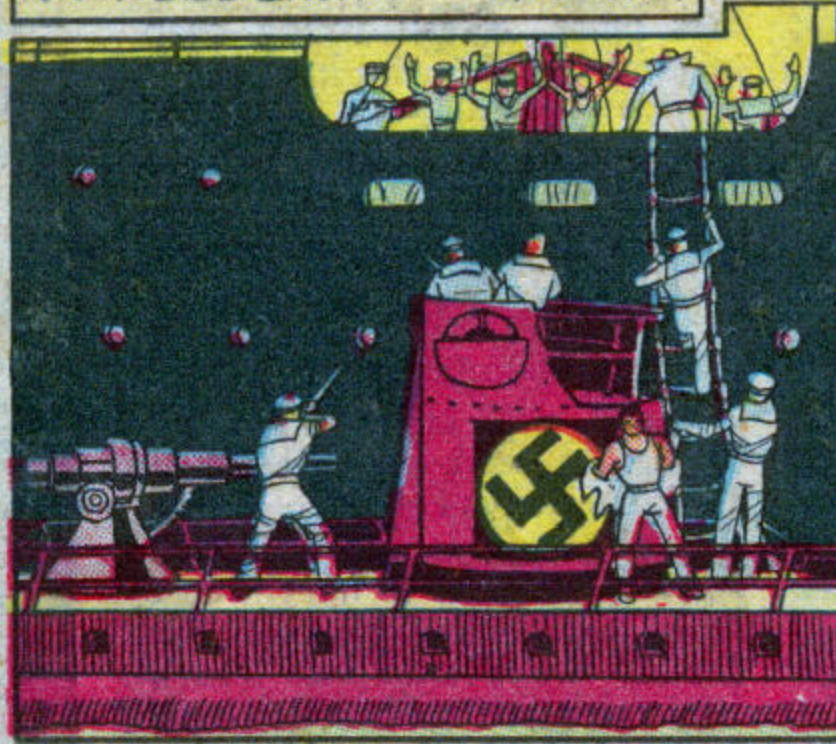
SHATTERS THE BRIDGE OF THE ARMED VESSEL.



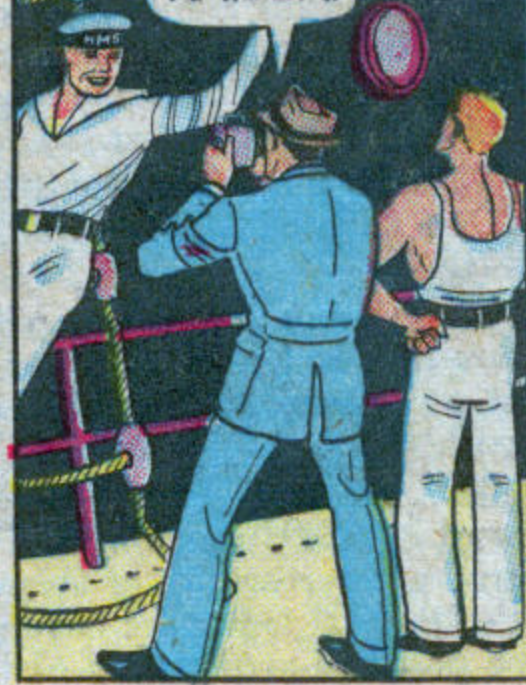
KAMERAD! WE QUIT! DON'T SHOOT!



THE ENGLISH SAILORS SWARM ABOARD THE SURRENDERING RAIDER AS TOR CHANGES BACK TO JIM SLADE.



THIS WILL MAKE A SWELL PICTURE STORY-DESTROYER SURVIVORS CAPTURE NAZI SUBMARINE AND SEA RAIDER!



OH -HELLO, SLADE! HAVE YOU SEEN THAT MAGICIAN WHO TURN'ED UP JUST IN TIME TO SAVE US?

NO... WHEN TOR THINKS HE HAS HELPED YOU ENOUGH HE DEPARTS FOR OTHER FIELDS OF ENDEAVOR!



THE SUN GOES DOWN AS THE CAPTURED RAIDER WITH SUBMARINE IN TOW SAILS TOWARD ICELAND!



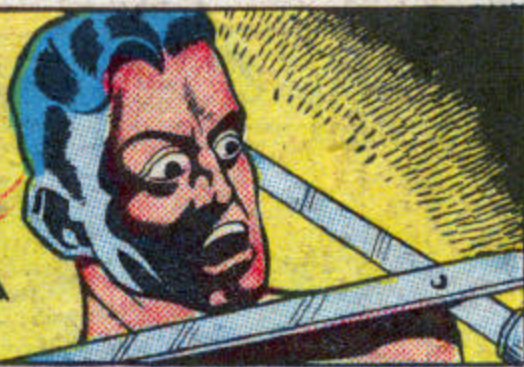
WELL, IT'S BEEN AN EVENTFUL DAY, MR. SLADE. YOU MUST HAVE SOME SWELL PICTURES!

YES, SIR - FROM ICELAND I'LL RADIO THEM TO THE BOSS AND AS USUAL HE'LL WONDER WHY I COULDN'T GET A PICTURE OF THAT GREAT MAGICIAN, TOR!

Don't miss the next mysterious adventure of Tor, Magic Master.



# RETURN *Of the* MAD TRAPPER



## CHAVANT FAMILY MURDERED LAST NIGHT MYSTERIOUS KILLER ON RAMPAGE

Those were the headlines that shocked all of Canada on the morning of August 5th. A more detailed account of the ghastly business gave the information that the Frenchman Chavant, a trapper in the Moose Jaw region of Saskatchewan, his wife, and five children had been decapitated by a fiend.

But that was not all. A week prior to this mass murder, another trapper and his family had been wiped out in the same manner, about fifty miles from the lonely cabin of Pierre Chavant.

## WHERE WOULD THE MONSTER STRIKE AGAIN? WHEN?

Those were the two terrible fears that had every resident of Saskatchewan shaking in his boots.

The Ft. Bragg post of the Royal Mounted was a hotbed of activity the morning of August 5th. Old Earl Janns, the factor of the post and acting head of the mounted force, stormed at the group of "mounties" that faced him in his office.

"More than a week now, an' what's happened?" shouted Janns. "Five more innocent people kilt off, that's what! . . . Men, you've got to do somethin' about this killer! You've got to do somethin' NOW! The hull Dominion's down on us!"

Sergeant Quinn said, steadily, "we've done our best, sir. One can only do that—"

"Alibis! Alibis!" shouted the irate factor. "There is such a thing as doin' better than yer best!"

Another eight days passed. Nine more people had died by decapitation. The wild region of

Saskatchewan was being deserted by the surviving residents. Why play with fate—and a demon? Who knew who's turn it would be next?

Then one night, on the outskirts of a small milltown in the province, another atrocious murder took place. This time four members of a family died in their beds. The Director of the Royal Mounted, in desperation, sent a wire to the United States, and two days later a plane landed near the Provincial Headquarters office. A tall young chap stepped out of it and into a taxi.

The tall young man did not have to wait long in the official ante-room. He had barely sent in his card, bearing the words, ERIC VALE, than an orderly was bowing him into the office of Director Malcolm McDowell.

"Egad, sir!" cried McDowell, "I hardly send my wire than you're here! And glad I am. You may not know it, Mr. Vale, but it hurts my pride to have to call in an outsider on this case. But frankly we're stumped. That's why I've asked the best detective in the whole bloody world to give a hand!"

Eric laughed. "That's laying it on a bit thick, sir. I still consider myself an amateur."

"Listen to him!" chortled McDowell. "All right, let it stand. But I'm bettin' my bottom dollar that you turn up something in double-quick! . . . Now here's the lay o' the land."

For a half hour McDowell gave a detailed account of the murders, the efforts of the Police, etcetera. Eric mulled it over for a few minutes. Then:

"Didn't some crackpot up here several years ago give everybody a bad time of it? The 'Mad Trapper' I believe they called him."

McDowell nodded. "Yeah. Up Rat River way. He kidnapped members of the Force, made dummies of 'em, and froze 'em in ice."

"That's the guy. What became of him?"

"The boys ran him down. But just as they were closing in on him, he fell through a hole in the ice over a river. Hasn't been heard of since."

Eric rose. "What about the Indians in this region?"

"Plenty of 'em," McDowell replied. "Tame as kittens; never give us any trouble, unless they get a spot of liquor, which is seldom."

Eric talked to some of the Mounties that night. The first thing he noticed was their slight animosity toward him. Which was, of course, natural. They resented an outsider trying to steal their thunder. No, they didn't think the Indians had anything to do with the murders. The 'Mad Trapper' was dead.

Seeing that he was making little headway with the Mounties, Eric withdrew to his room. As he pushed the door open, a man rose from the bunk. He was a Mountie.

"Please pardon the intrusion,



Mr. Vale," he said, extending his hand. "I am Inspector McLarnin. They didn't give you much co-operation out there, eh? But I think you realize their position."

Eric said that he did.

"I want to help you," went on McLarnin. "And if you'll permit me—"

"Thank you," Eric said. "Have you anything tangible to go on?"

"I think you have something in the Indian theory," replied McLarnin. "Of course, Indians don't kill the way this murderer is



working. There is the chance, however, that someone with a perverted mind is behind it."

"Exactly," Eric exclaimed. "And there's only one way to find out."

They discussed plans for an hour, then both left the barracks.

That night the Indian reservation six miles out of town hummed with activity. Groups of redskins sat around bubbling pots, stoically regarding the flames. In the council lodge of the chief, there was more than usual movement. The chief sat, cross-legged, near the central fire and stared impassively at the dozen or so braves making up the circle.

"What time he come?" he grunted.

"When the moon go down," a brave replied.

The flaps of the big tepee parted and a dark head poked inside. "How!" said the newcomer.

"How!" said the chief. "Enter."

The stranger stepped inside and squatted down in the circle. He was a heavy, hulking man with an enormous face and a shock of black hair graying at the temples.

"We begin!" he stated. "Here." He passed several deerskin bags over to the chief, who took them without comment and tucked them into his leather jacket. He nodded to the donor.

"La Vichy . . . Dumont . . . MacDougall . . . tonight!" said the stranger in a deep voice. "My men have the way paved. Ten of your men will come with me, act as guards. That much more gold I will give—when we finish."

The chief stood up, and the council ended.

The stranger stepped into the night; ten braves followed him. Silently they strode toward the woods surrounding the camp. Not far behind them trailed another dark-skinned brave. He had been listening behind the tepee. With woodcraft that matched that of the Indians ahead, he followed.

The trek consumed more than an hour. It ended at a small clearing in the woods. A log cabin



occupied the middle of the clearing. It was dark, for the hour was far past midnight.

An owl hooted. It was the signal for several dark shapes to materialize from the gloom of the trees. They converged around the big leader of the pack. A whispered consultation followed, then three figures moved toward the cabin. A moment later, a soft cry drifted from the cabin. It was not repeated. Eric Vale, for it was he who followed the Indians, moved forward carefully. But not carefully enough. His foot snapped a twig. Dead silence followed the infinitesimal sound. Then suddenly something struck Eric in the back and he went down.

A muffled cry broke from him as he squirmed over on his back. The hateful features of an Indian were close to his face, and a long knife was clutched in the brave's right hand. Eric knew some jujitsu. He gave a lurch, and the redskin shot away. But a half dozen others were soon piled on top of him.

There was no conversation. They gathered him up and lugged him into the deeper shadows of the forest. Then the huge bulk of the leader loomed close.

"Spy!" gritted the big man. "Death to spies!"

From nowhere there appeared a huge scissors—a sort of hedge-clippers with four-foot-long handles. This the leader shoved

down toward Eric's neck. Then he knew how those others had died. What a terrible weapon! One snip and . . .

Eric got out a yell. Several quick shots echoed from the woods. The leader tensed, dropped the clippers, and bounded into the trees, the others following him. Eric got to his feet, feeling his neck gingerly, thanking his lucky stars that Inspector McLarnin was close on his heels.

The Inspector broke into view, carrying a smoking rifle. Behind him came a dozen other Mounties. They did not stop. Instead, they crashed after the fleeing Indians.

"You all right, Mr. Vale?" McLarnin asked solicitously.

"Thanks to you!" exclaimed Eric.

"Not at all," argued McLarnin. "Had it not been for you, we'd never have suspected the Indians."

Eric fell in step with the inspector as they followed the sounds of the chase ahead.

"I'll tell you something, Inspector," said Eric. "I don't think the leader of this pack is an Indian."

They captured most of the Indians before morning. They captured the big, hulking leader, too. And that night, when Canadian newspapers carried these headlines—

**CAREER OF THE MAD TRAPPER, DR. KURTOV, ENDS, DISGUISED AS INDIAN, THE INSANE SCIENTIST TELLS LIFE OF HATE**

all Canada breathed with relief.

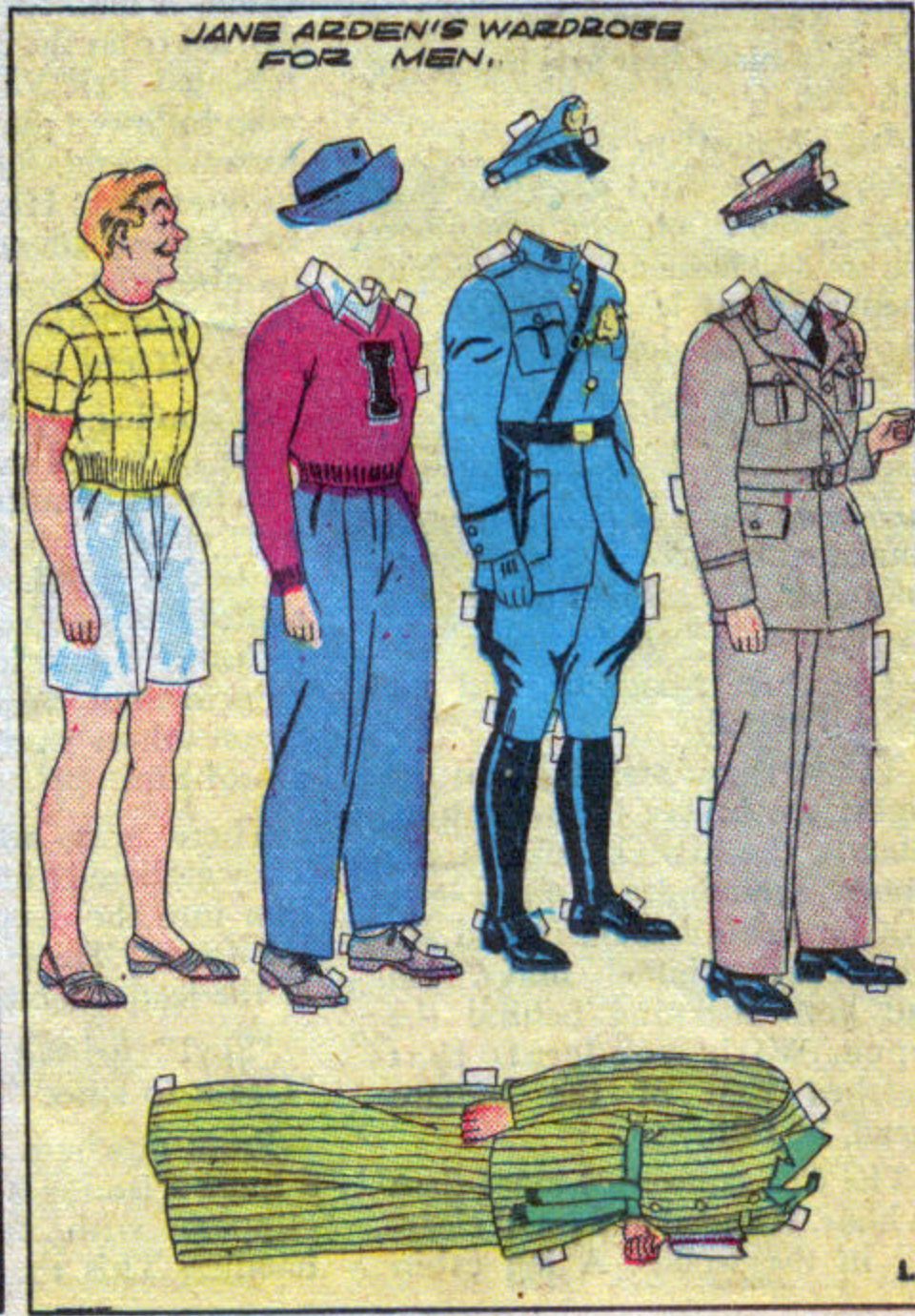
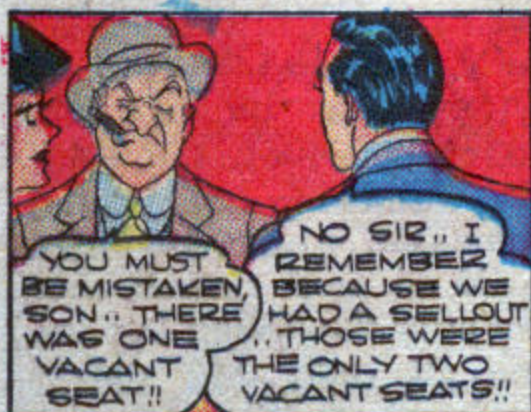
The next morning, Eric Vale stepped into his plane and soared away, with the applause of the Royal Mounted ringing in his ears. But Eric was in a hurry. That morning a wire had reached him. He was needed on the other side of the world, to solve a strange mystery.

**FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF  
ERIC VALE  
IN EACH ISSUE OF  
CRACK COMICS**



# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell

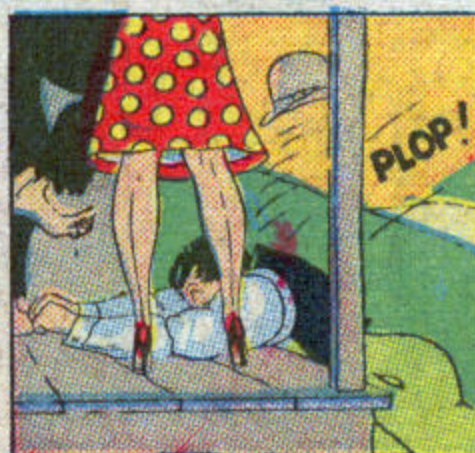






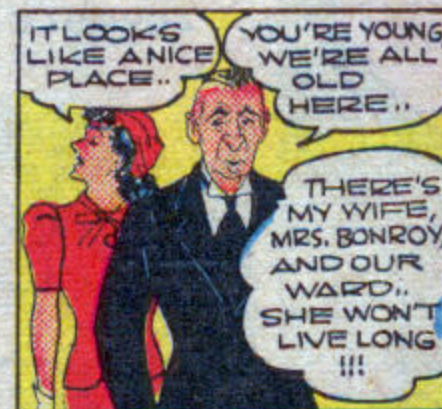


# JANE ARDEN





# JANE ARDEN







FROM PARK AVENUE  
COMES THE PLAYBOY,  
BRIAN O'BRIEN, WHO VEN-  
TURES INTO THE EVILS OF  
CRIME AS THE CLOCK--  
KNOWN ONLY TO HIS NEWLY  
FOUND AID--"BUTCH"-- A  
SHARP TONGUED, BUT  
LOVABLE ORPHAN GIRL---



by

GEORGE E. BRENNER.

# The C L O C K



AND AS I SAID BEFORE --  
I GOT NOTHIN' UP MY SLEEVE  
BUT MY ARM - AN' I'LL  
PROVE THE HAND  
IS QUICKER  
THAN THE  
EYE--

BUTCH, FOR  
THE LAST TIME --  
I DON'T WANT  
TO SEE ANYMORE  
MAGIC TRICKS---

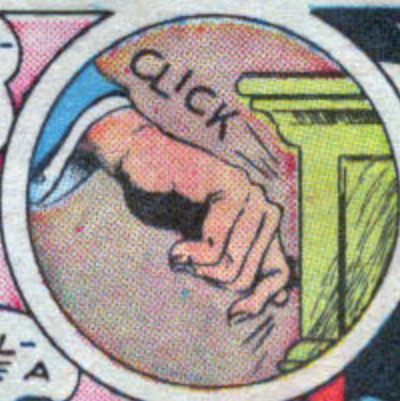


AND IF YOU INSIST,  
I'LL PROVE THE HAND  
IS QUICKER THAN THE  
EYE --- ON A CERTAIN  
PART OF YOUR  
ANATOMY!!



OHhhh - WHY YOU--  
YOU--- WHY I EVER  
TEAMED UP WITH  
AN OLD GOAT LIKE  
YOU, I'LL NEVER  
KNOW - I'LL NOT  
SPEAK TO YOU,  
UNTIL YOU  
APOLOGIZE--

SWELL--  
THAT GIVES ME A  
CHANCE TO  
LISTEN TO THE  
RADIO FOR  
A CHANGE--

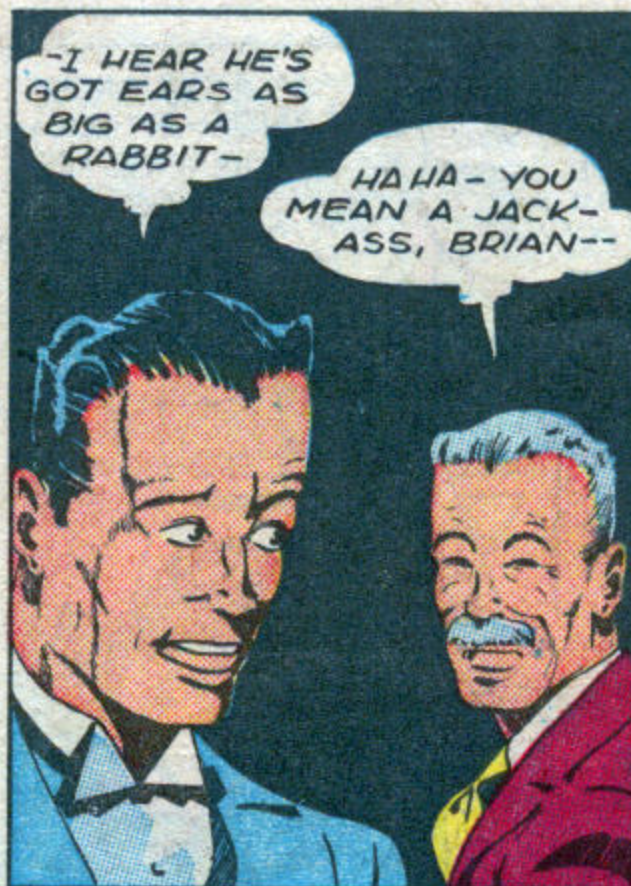


FLASH-- TWO  
MORE CHILDREN  
WERE ARRESTED BY  
THE POLICE, WHO  
CAUGHT THEM IN THE  
ACT OF PICKING  
POCKETS -- THIS IS  
THE NINTH CASE OF  
THIS KIND IN THE  
LAST THREE  
DAYS ---





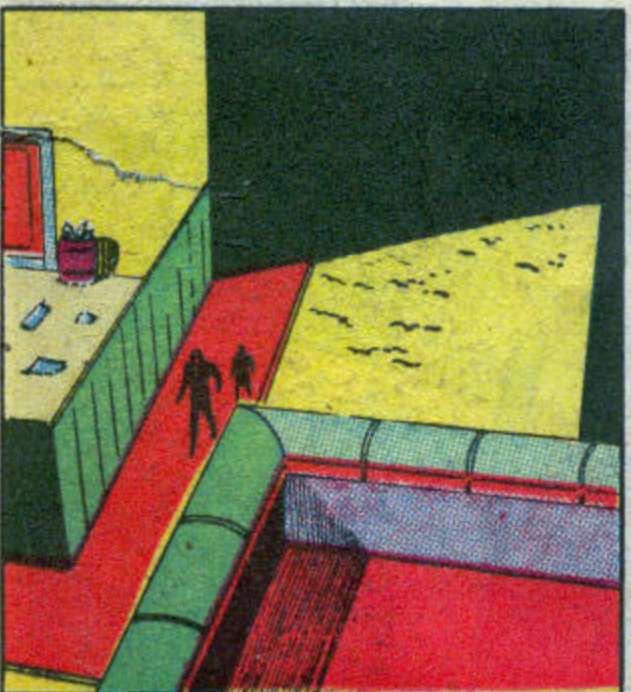








DOWN INTO THE SLUMS, THE CLOCK AND BUTCH GO, HOPING TO PICK UP A CLUE THAT WILL LEAD TO THE PICK-POCKET SCHOOL---





SUDDENLY--

BUTCH, YOU'RE VERY QUIET-HAVE YOU LOST YOUR TONGUE OR ARE YOU SAVING YOUR BREATH FOR THE SHOW-DOWN--- BUTCH---???

A man in a blue suit and hat looks shocked, with a speech bubble saying "SHE'S-- GONE!!" and question marks above his head.

A man in a dark suit, white shirt, and dark bow tie, wearing a fedora, leans against a green wooden fence. He is looking towards the right. A large speech bubble above him contains the text: "I'LL BET EVERYTHING I OWN, SHE'S A VICTIM OF THE FAGIN-- IF HE HARMS ONE HAIR OF THAT KID'S HEAD, I'LL---". The background is a solid red color with some faint, stylized white lines suggesting a cityscape or industrial setting.

MEAN-HEH-HEH

THE RATS - THEY JUST INJECTED AN-OTHER DOOR KID TO MAKE HIM STEAL--

BRING IN THE GIRL NOW- HEH-HEH-HEH.

OH OH - THAT'S ME -- I'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT --- ! GULP !

AND THE DEADLY  
DRUG IS FORCED  
INTO BUTCH'S WRIST-

A LITTLE  
DIZZY BUT SHE'LL  
SETTLE DOWN  
AND DO AS  
SHE'S TOLD--

**STEAL! - ROB!! - -**  
**PICK POCKETS - -**  
**RETURN HERE - -**



AND IN THE CLOCK'S HOME---

NOT A TRACE OF THAT POOR KID--I'LL SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS HUNTING DOWN THOSE RATS ---AND WHEN I FIND THEM, I'LL ----

THE SUSPENSE IS KILLIN' ME, BIG BOY- WHAT'LL YOU DO ??

BUTCH!

YOU'RE SAFE - THEN YOU DIDN'T FALL INTO THEIR HANDS --

OH, DIDN'T I---

BUT I FOXED THEM- AND I KNOW WHERE WE CAN PUT OUR HANDS ON THEM-

YOU- WHERE-HOW ?? TELL ME !!

WELL, THEY SNATCHED ME AND TOOK ME TO THEIR DEN AN' INJECTED MY WRIST WITH SOMETHIN'---

THEN WHY AREN'T YOU OUT DICKING POCKETS LIKE THE OTHERS--

I FOOLED 'EM WITH MY FAKE HAND--

SEE WHERE THE NEEDLE WENT IN--

SO I ACTED LIKE I WAS DOPED AN' WHEN THEY SENT ME OUT, I CAME STRAIGHT HERE ---

AND NOW WE'RE GOING STRAIGHT BACK--LEAD THE WAY, BEAUTIFUL, BUT NOT SO DUMB ---

JUST A MINUTE - I WANT TO GET SOMETHING--

WHAT'S THAT-- YOUR LUNCH ??

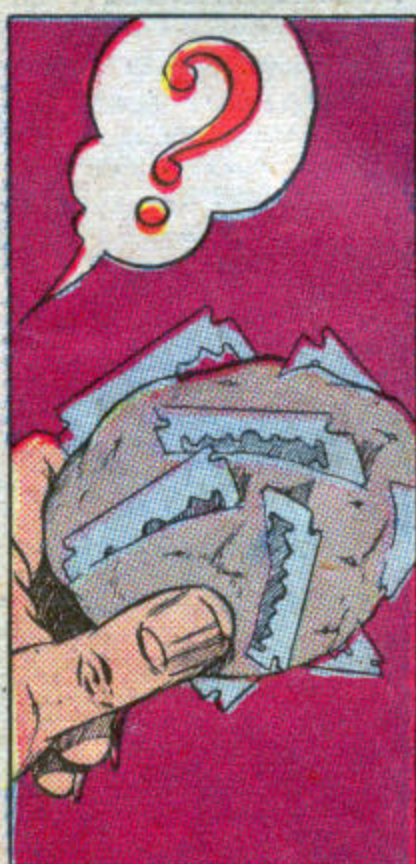
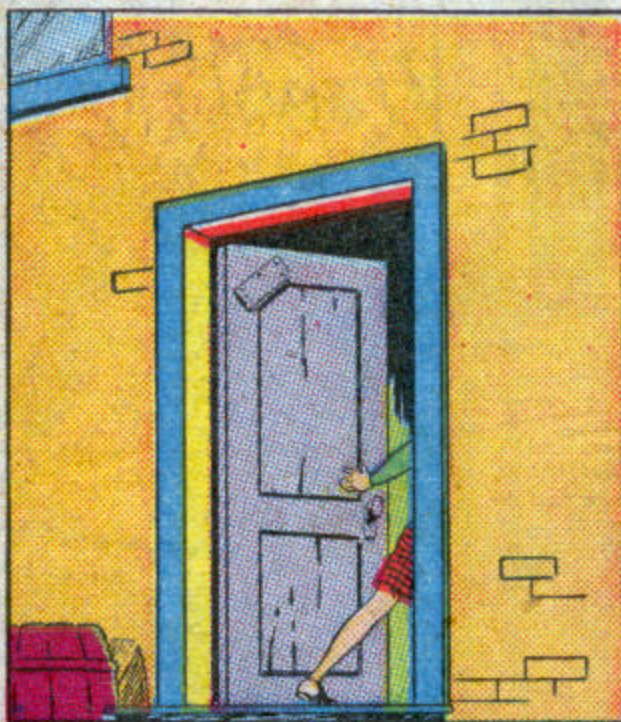
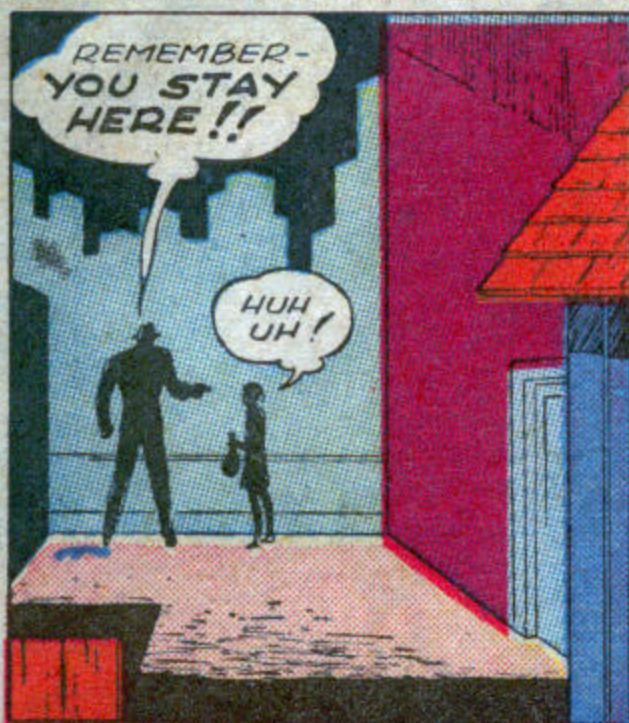
NO, BUT YOU COULD CALL IT FOOD FOR THOUGHT-- LET'S GO !



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE TWO ARE OUTSIDE THE FAGIN'S SCHOOL----

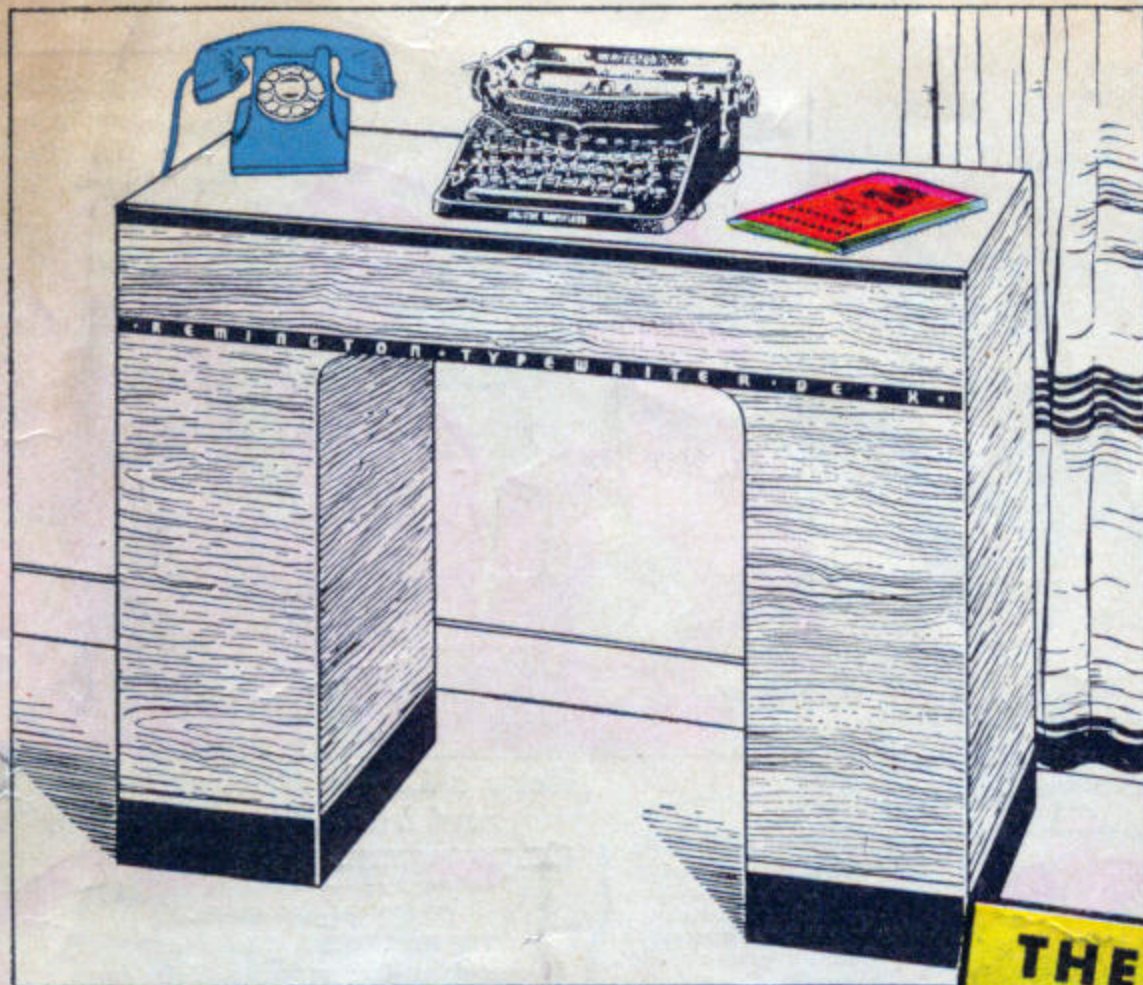
AS SOON AS THE CLOCK'S BACK IS TURNED, BUTCH IS THROUGH A SIDE DOOR INTO THE HIDE-OUT---

AND THE CLOCK BY NOW IS ALSO INSIDE ---



Watch for the next sensational episode of The Clock.





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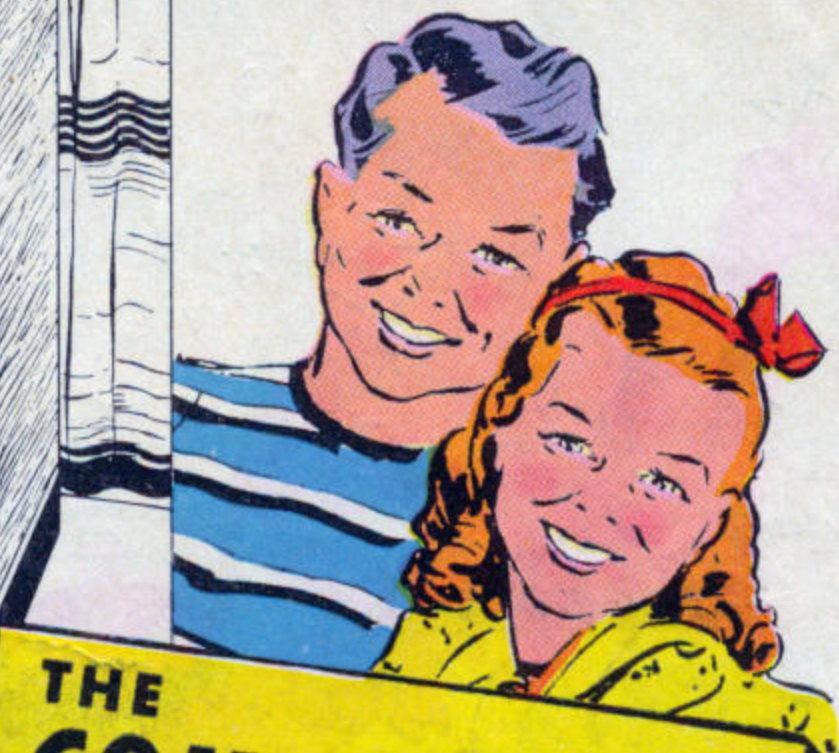
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Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-hold—th' wood just "snugs" into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock!

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Those glittery golden-colored hands 'round muzzle an' fore-piece look mighty purty...like th' gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!

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